No. 1 JUNE, 1938

ACTION COMICS

10¢

$25 Cash Prizes!

HERE'S HOW TO WIN! AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AN ARTIST OR A CARTOONIST EITHER!

Turn to the feature, CHUCK DAWSON, and you'll notice that it is printed in black and white.

Now take out your crayons and color the first page (title page) of CHUCK DAWSON.

Then, when you've colored it the best you possibly can, tear out the page, put it in an envelope and send it into this magazine.

A cash award of $1.00 each will be paid to the best 25 pages submitted.

BE SURE TO ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPES TO

COLOR-PAGE CONTEST

Action Comics—480 Lexington Ave., New York City

All entries must be in by midnight, Monday, June 6, 1938

ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

ACTION COMICS, published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Second class entry pending at Post Office, New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues by mail in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain, $1.50; elsewhere $2.00. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyright 1938 by Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates, address:

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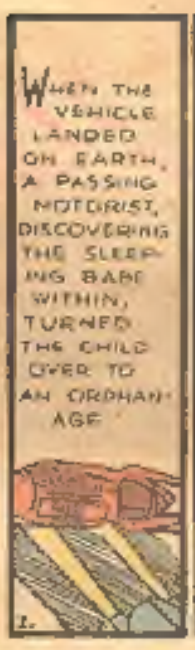
Branches—Boston, Philadelphia, C[illegible] [illegible]troit, San Fr[illegible], Seattle



EARLY, CLARK DECIDED HE MUST TURN HIS TITANIC STRENGTH INTO CHANNELS THAT WOULD BENEFIT MANKIND

AND SO WAS CREATED...

A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF CLARK KENT'S AMAZING STRENGTH

KENT HAD COME FROM A PLANET WHOSE INHABITANTS' PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WAS MILLIONS OF YEARS ADVANCED OF OUR OWN.

UPON REACHING MATURITY, THE PEOPLE OF HIS RACE BECAME GIFTED WITH TITANIC STRENGTH!

--INCREDIBLE? NO! FOR EVEN TODAY ON OUR WORLD EXIST CREATURES WITH SUPER-STRENGTH!

A TIREDLESS FIGURE RACES THRU THE NIGHT. SECONDS COUNT.. DELAY MEANS FORFEIT OF AN INNOCENT LIFE.

THE GOVERNOR'S ESTATE FINALLY IS REACHED.
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE! I HAVEN'T TIME TO ATTEND TO IT

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?
I MUST SEE THE GOVERNOR. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!

I'LL SEE HIM NOW!

THIS IS ILLEGAL ENTRY! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!
ANSWER MY QUESTION! ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE GOVERNOR?

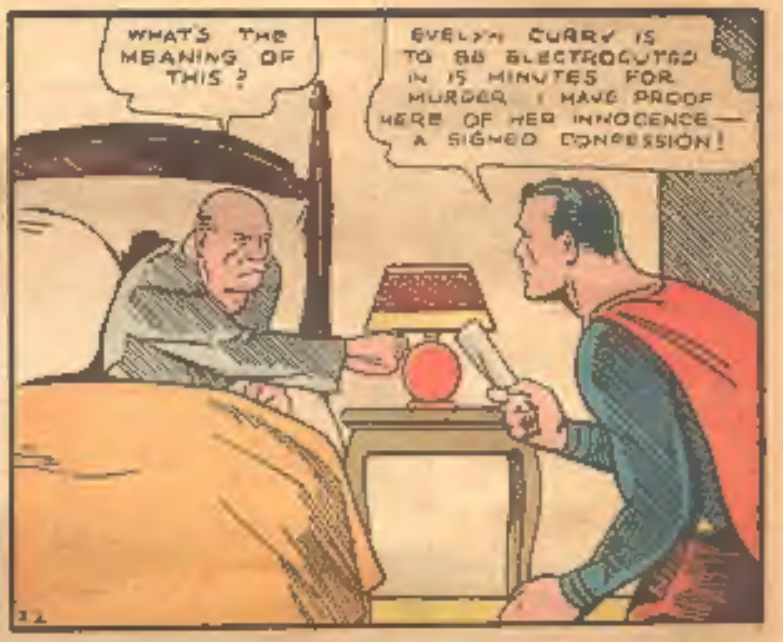
NO! I WON'T!
THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

HELP! HELP!

YES, THIS IS THE GOVERNOR'S SLEEPING ROOM. — DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS OUTRAGE!

IT'S LOCKED!
YES! AND MADE OF STEEL! TRY AND KNOCK THIS DOOR DOWN!

IT WAS YOUR IDEA!


WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
EVELYN CURRY IS TO BE ELECTROCUTED IN 15 MINUTES FOR MURDER. I HAVE PROOF HERE OF HER INNOCENCE — A SIGNED CONFESSION!

BELIEVING THE GOVERNOR MENACED BY A MADMAN, THE BUTLER PRODUCES A CONCEALED WEAPON!
REACH FOR THE CEILING, QUICK!

PUT THAT TOY AWAY!
I WARN YOU! TAKE ANOTHER STEP AND I SHOOT!

26
THE BULLET RICOCHETS OFF SUPERMAN'S TOUGH SKIN!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR HORSEPLAY!
12 minutes to go

DON'T YOU REALIZE? I'VE PROOF SHE'S INNOCENT AND YOU ALONE CAN SAVE HER!
LET ME SEE THOSE PAPERS
9 minutes to go

HURRY! — CONNECT ME WITH THE PENITENTIARY!

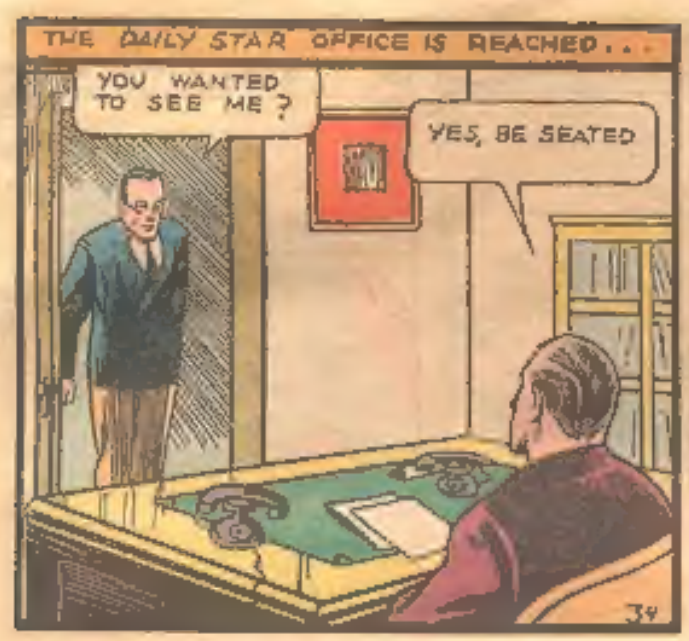
STOP! THE GOVERNOR HAS PARDONED HER!
THANK GOD! I TOLD YOU I WAS INNOCENT!

HE'S GONE — DISAPPEARED!
YES — BUT HERE'S A NOTE HE LEFT, SIR — "YOU'LL FIND THE REAL MURDERESS BOUND AND DELIVERED ON THE LAWN OF YOUR ESTATE"

NEXT MORNING AS KENT LEAVES FOR THE NEWSPAPER UPON WHICH HE WORKS AS A REPORTER . . .
HAVE YOU HEARD? THE CURRY GIRL IS INNOCENT!
LET'S SEE THE PAPER!

GOOD! I'M NOT MENTIONED!
DAILY STAR
RELEASED

MILES AWAY, IN THE GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE CHAMBER
GENTLEMEN, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MY SENSES! HE'S NOT HUMAN! — THANK HEAVEN HE'S APPARENTLY ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER!


THE DAILY STAR OFFICE IS REACHED...
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME ?
YES, BE SEATED
34

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF SUPERMAN ?
WHAT !
EDITOR
35

REPORTS HAVE BEEN STREAMING IN THAT A FELLOW WITH GIGANTIC STRENGTH NAMED SUPERMAN ACTUALLY EXISTS. I'M MAKING IT YOUR STEADY ASSIGNMENT TO COVER THESE REPORTS. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT, KENT ?
LISTEN, CHIEF, IF I CAN'T FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT THIS SUPERMAN NO ONE CAN !

HURRY, KENT-- A PHONED TIP... WIFE-BEATING AT 211 COURT AVE !
I'M ON MY WAY !

AT 211 COURT AVE. — —
HOLD IT !
WHAT D'YOU WANT ?

DON'T GET TOUGH !
TOUGH IS PUTTING MILDY THE TREATMENT YOUR GOING TO GET !

YOU'RE NOT FIGHTING A WOMAN, NOW !

Y'ASKED FOR IT!

WITH A SHARP SNAP THE BLADE BREAKS UPON SUPERMAN'S TOUGH SKIN!
AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

FAINTED!

HEARING POLICE-SIRENS, SUPERMAN HURRIEDLY DONS STREET-CLOTHES OVER HIS UNIFORM.
IT WOULD BE JUST TOO BAD IF THEY SEARCHED ME!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
HELLO CAPTAIN! I ARRIVED TO FIND THE PLACE LIKE THIS! LOOKS AS THO OUR FRIEND SUPERMAN HAD DROPPED IN TO PAY A VISIT!

W-WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A --ER-- DATE TONIGHT, LOIS?
LATER
I SUPPOSE I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK... FOR A CHANGE

THAT NIGHT
WHY IS IT YOU ALWAYS AVOID ME AT THE OFFICE?
PLEASE CLARK! I'VE BEEN SCRIBBLING "SOS STORIES" ALL DAY LONG. DON'T ASK ME TO DISH OUT ANOTHER.

NICE-LOOKIN' DAME THERE, EH? GUESS I'LL CUT IN!
WAIT BUTCH! SUPPOSE HER ESCORT DON'T LIKE IT?
SO WHAT? IF HE GETS NASTY I'LL PUSH HIS FACE IN!
THIS IS GOIN' TO BE GOOD!

I SAID RUN ALONG, I'M CUTTIN' IN!
BUT THIS IS NOT A ROBBER'S DANCE
TRYIN' TO GET FUD? MOVE QUICK IF Y'KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YA!
CLARK! ARE YOU GOING TO STAND FOR THIS?

RELUCTANTLY, KENT ADHERES TO HIS ROLE OF A WEAKLING.
BE REASONABLE LOIS. DANCE WITH THE FELLOW AND THEN WE'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY
YOU CAN STAY AND DANCE WITH HIM IF YOU WISH BUT I'M LEAVING NOW!
YEAH? YOU'LL DANCE WITH ME AND LIKE IT!

WHY, YOU—!
GOOD FOR YOU, LOIS!
LOIS--DON'T!

FIGHT... YOU WEAK-LIVERED POLE-CAT!
REALLY— I HAVE NO DESIRE TO DO SO!

WAIT, LOIS!

BUT LOIS—!
YOU ASKED ME EARLIER IN THE EVENING, WHY I AVOID YOU. I'LL TELL YOU WHY NOW: BECAUSE YOU'RE A SPINELESS, UNBEARABLE COWARD!

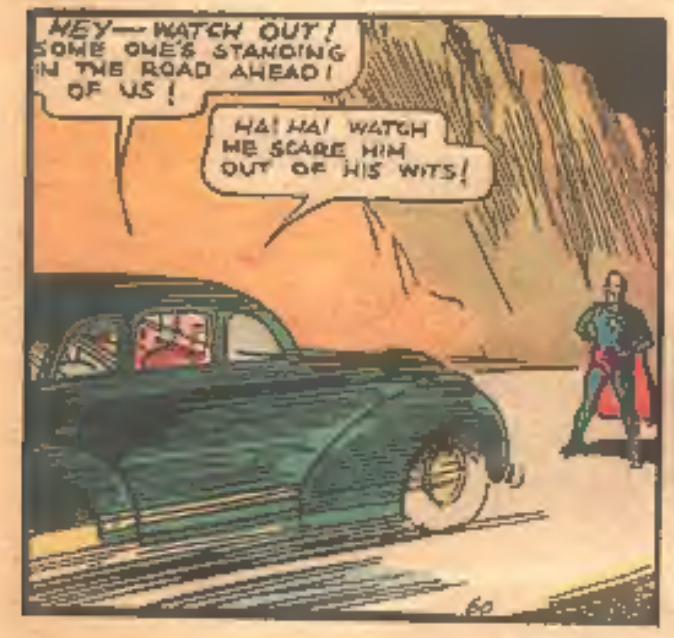
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL SHOW THAT SKIRT SHE CAN'T MAKE A FOOL OUT OF BUTCH HATSON!
A FEW MINUTES LATER

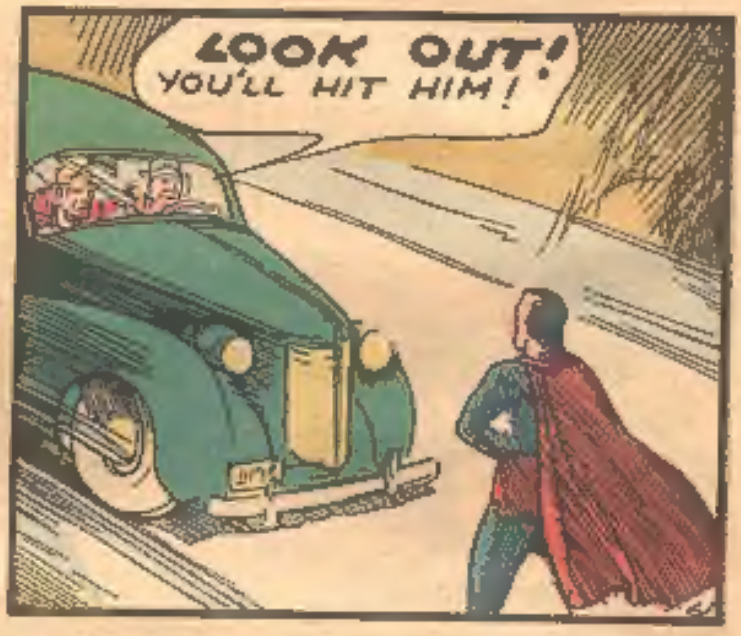
A HIDDEN FIGURE OBSERVES BUTCH AND HIS FELLOW HOODLUMS LEAVE THE ROAD-HOUSE...

BUTCH FORCES LOIS'S TAXI INTO A DITCH!
PULL OVER THERE!
57

LET ME GO!
GET IN THAT CAR AND SHUT UP!

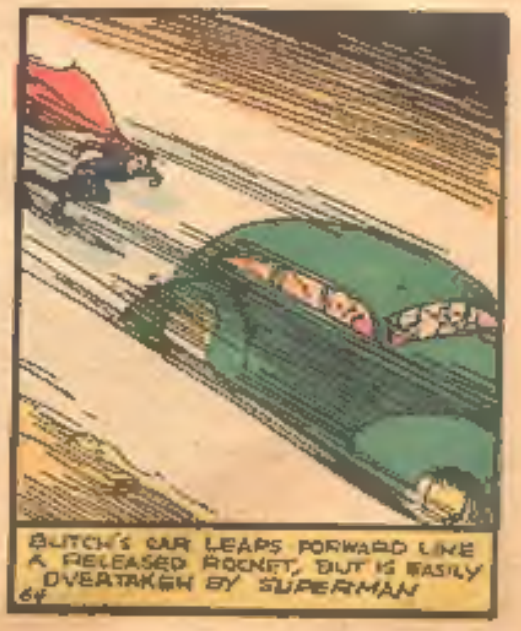
WHAT BURNS ME UP IS THAT I LET HER YELLOW BOY FRIEND OFF SO EASY!
WELL, MAYBE YOU TWO MAY MEET AGAIN
THEN I HOPE IT'LL BE SOON!
59

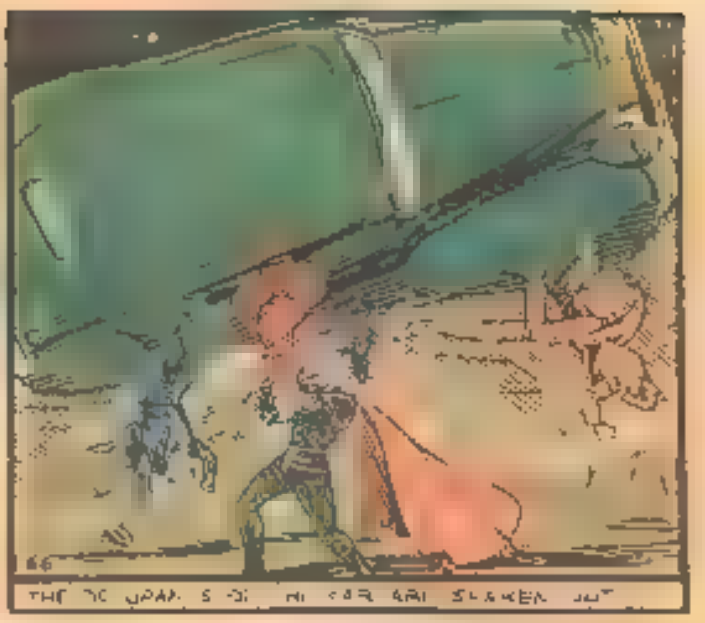

HEY—WATCH OUT! SOME ONE'S STANDING IN THE ROAD AHEAD OF US!
HA! HA! WATCH ME SCARE HIM OUT OF HIS WITS!
60

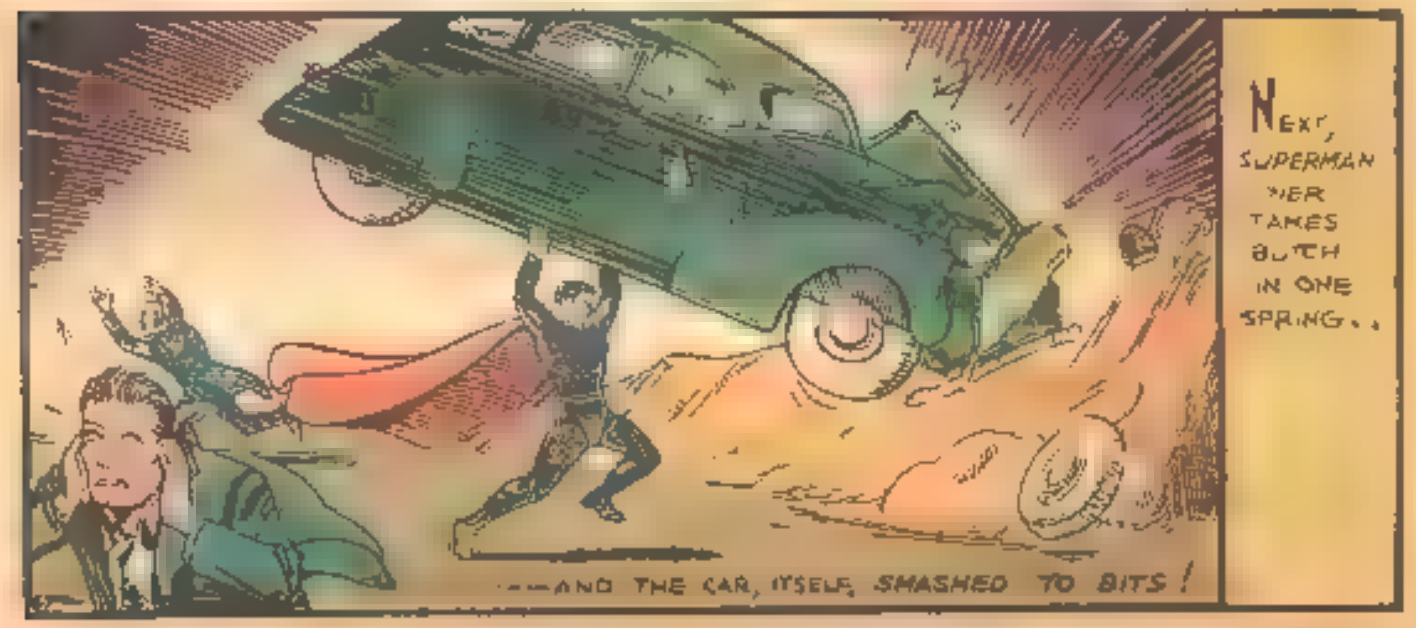

LOOK OUT! YOU'LL HIT HIM!
61

SUPERMAN HURDLES THE ONCOMING AUTO!
62

IT'S THE DEVIL HIMSELF!
BUTCH! STEP ON THE GAS! HE'S CHASING AFTER US!!!
63


BUTCH'S CAR LEAPS FORWARD LIKE A RELEASED ROCKET, BUT IS EASILY OVERTAKEN BY SUPERMAN
64


THE DOORS OF HIS CAR ARE SLAMMED OUT


NEXT, SUPERMAN NEVER TAKES BUTCH IN ONE SPRING...
...AND THE CAR, ITSELF, SMASHED TO BITS!

JUST A MINUTE BUTCH!

DO YOU MIND?

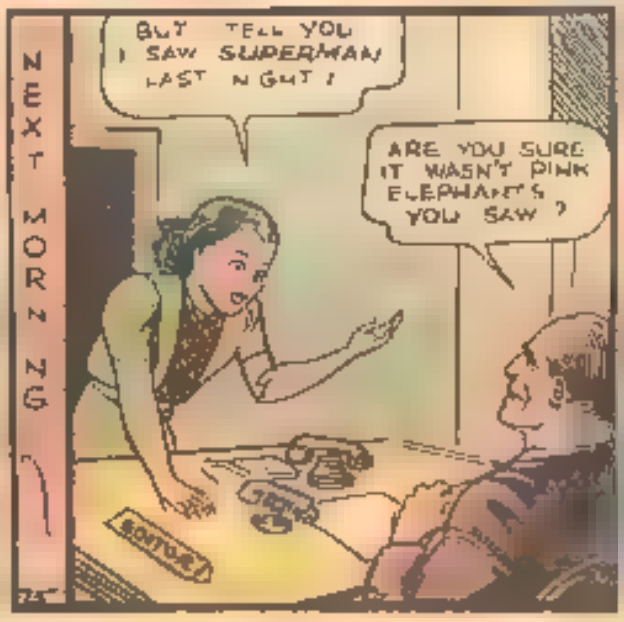
THIS WILL TAKE BUT A FEW SECONDS

GET ME OFFA HERE!
OKAY! I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE
DON'T

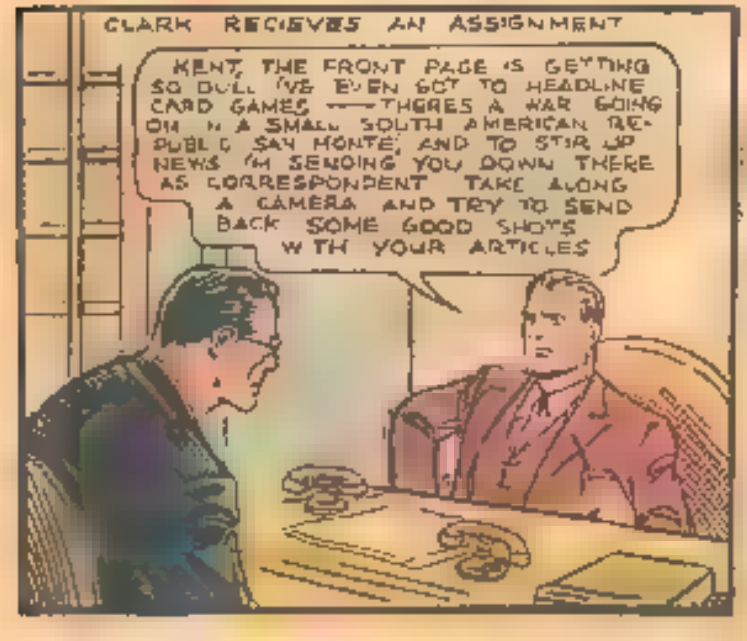
YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF ME I WON'T HARM YOU

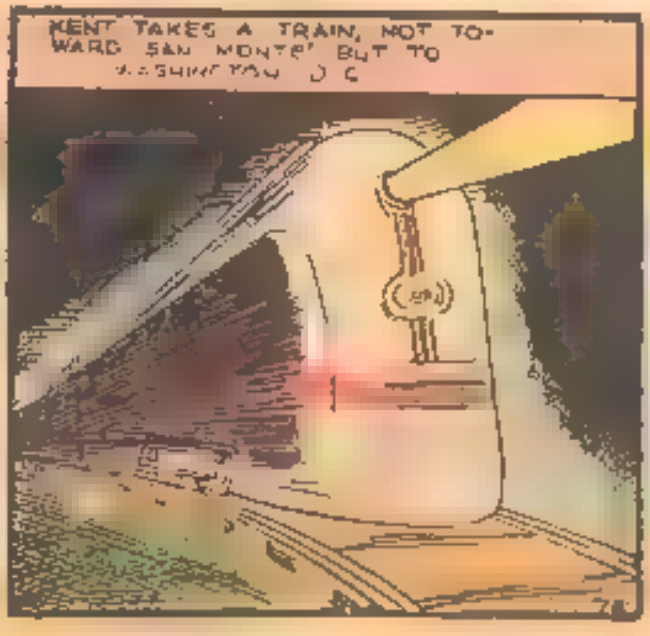
BEARING LOIS IN HIS ARMS SUPERMAN HEADS TOWARD THE CITY

DEPOSITING HER UPON ITS OUTSKIRTS
I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO PRINT THIS LITTLE EPISODE

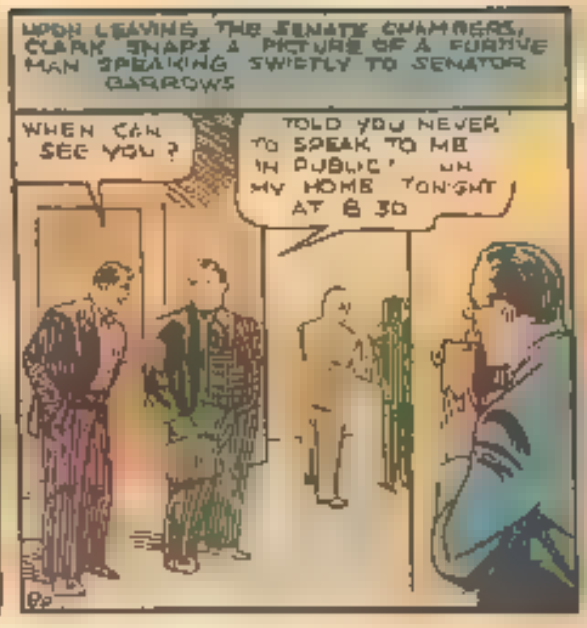

NEXT MORNING
BUT I TELL YOU I SAW SUPERMAN LAST NIGHT!
ARE YOU SURE IT WASN'T PINK ELEPHANTS YOU SAW?

LOIS TREATS CLARK COLDER THAN EVER
I'M SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT — PLEASE DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME

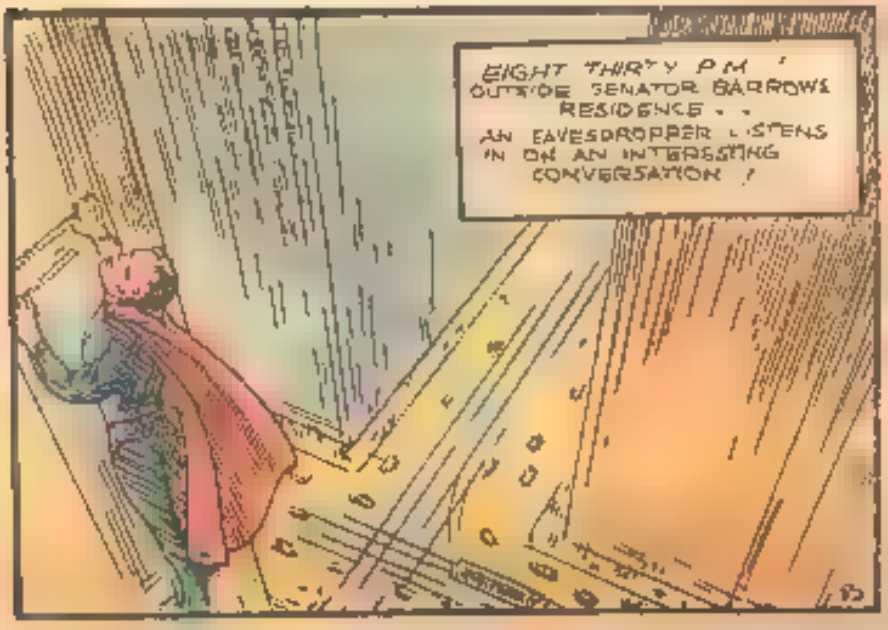

CLARK RECIEVES AN ASSIGNMENT
KENT, THE FRONT PAGE IS GETTING SO DULL I'VE EVEN GOT TO HEADLINE CARD GAMES — THERE'S A WAR GOING ON IN A SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC SAN MONTE; AND TO STIR UP NEWS I'M SENDING YOU DOWN THERE AS CORRESPONDENT TAKE ALONG A CAMERA AND TRY TO SEND BACK SOME GOOD SHOTS WITH YOUR ARTICLES

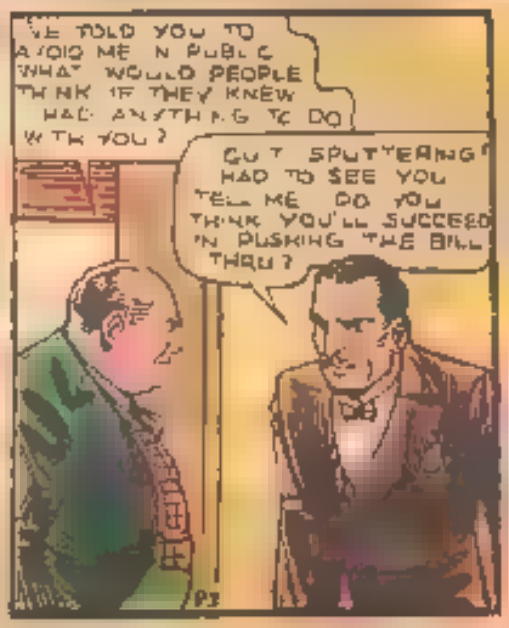

KENT TAKES A TRAIN, NOT TOWARD SAN MONTE BUT TO WASHINGTON D.C.

IN THE CAPITOL CITY, HE ATTENDS A SESSION OF CONGRESS, SITTING IN THE GALLERY
IS THAT SENATOR BARROWS SPEAKING?
YES


UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS, CLARK SNAPS A PICTURE OF A FURTIVE MAN SPEAKING SWIFTLY TO SENATOR BARROWS
WHEN CAN SEE YOU?
TOLD YOU NEVER TO SPEAK TO ME IN PUBLIC! ON MY HOME TONIGHT AT 8 30

AT THE "MORGUE" OF A LOCAL NEWSPAPER
WHO'S THE MAN SPEAKING TO SENATOR BARROWS?
WHY THAT'S ALEX GREER THE SLICKEST LOBBY IN WASHINGTON NO ONE KNOWS WHAT INTERESTS BACK HIM


EIGHT THIRTY P.M.! OUTSIDE SENATOR BARROWS RESIDENCE . . . AN EAVESDROPPER LISTENS IN ON AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION!


I'VE TOLD YOU TO AVOID ME IN PUBLIC WHAT WOULD PEOPLE THINK IF THEY KNEW HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU?
GUT SPUTTERING! HAD TO SEE YOU TELL ME DO YOU THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED IN PUSHING THE BILL THRU?

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT THE BILL WILL BE PASSED BEFORE ITS FULL IMPLICATIONS ARE REALIZED BEFORE ANY REMEDIAL STEPS CAN BE TAKEN, OUR COUNTRY WILL BE EMBROILED WITH EUROPE
FINE WELL TAKE CARE OF YOU FINANCIALLY FOR HIS

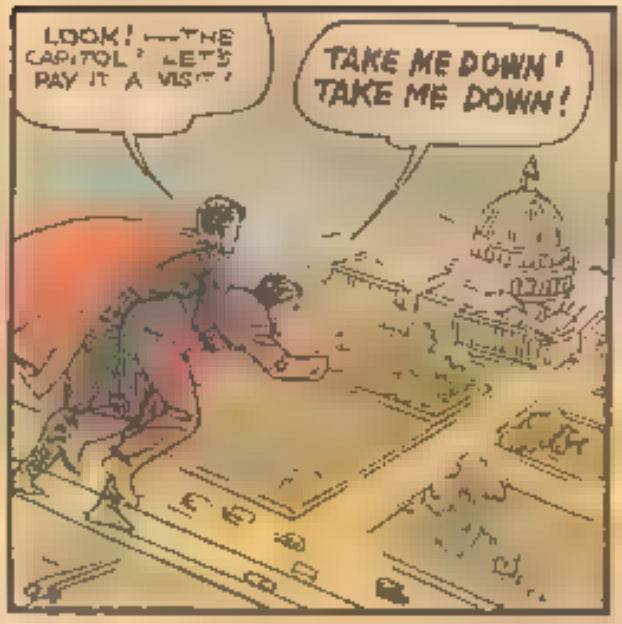
SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF YOURSELF?

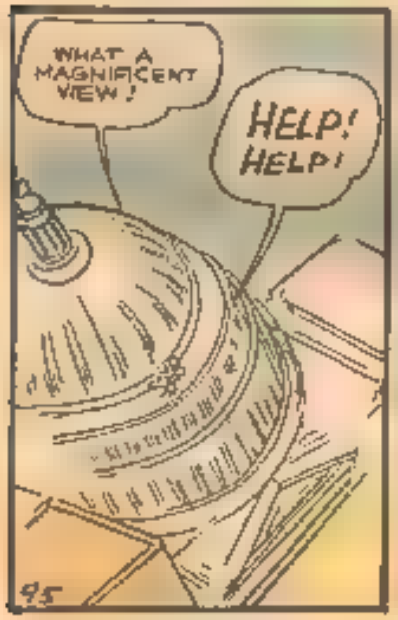
YOU BET HE WILL!

UPON LEAVING BARROWS, GREER IS CONFRONTED BY SUPERMAN
WHO IS BEHIND YOU IN CORRUPTING SENATOR BARROWS?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
SO YOU'RE ONE OF THESE SILENT MEN, EH? WE'LL SEE, WHETHER YOU'LL TALK!
LET GO OF MY HAND!
YOUR FOOT WILL DO JUST AS WELL!
STOP! STOP! WE'LL BE ELECTROCUTED!
NO, WE WON'T!
BIRDS SIT ON TELEPHONE WIRES AND THEY AREN'T ELECTROCUTED —

—NOT UNLESS THEY TOUCH A TELEPHONE-POLE AND ARE GROUNDED!
92

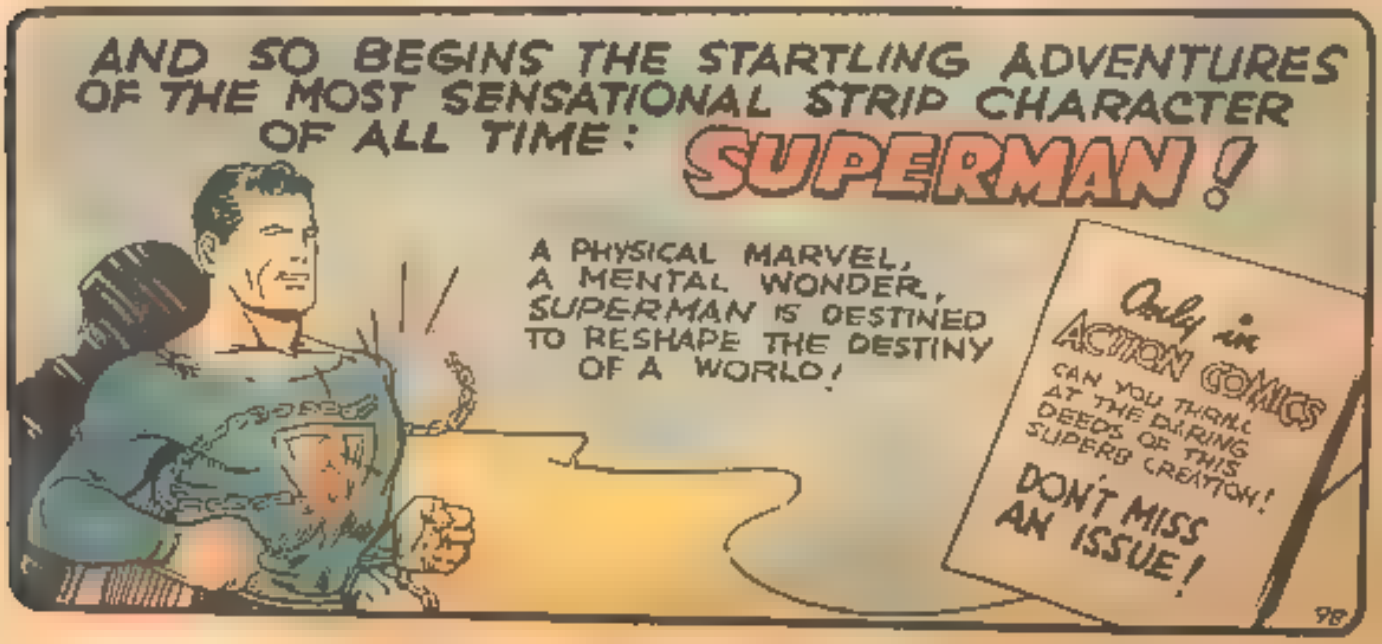
OOPS! — ALMOST TOUCHED THAT POLE!
93


LOOK! —THE CAPITOL! LET'S PAY IT A VISIT!
TAKE ME DOWN! TAKE ME DOWN!
94


WHAT A MAGNIFICENT VIEW!
HELP! HELP!
95

I WONDER IF WE COULD JUMP ALL THE WAY TO THAT BUILDING?
NO! DON'T!
96

DESPITE GAEER'S FRENZIED PROTESTS, SUPERMAN LEAPS OUT INTO THE NIGHT!
MISSED — DOGGONE IT!
97
TO BE CONTINUED


AND SO BEGINS THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STRIP CHARACTER OF ALL TIME: SUPERMAN!
A PHYSICAL MARVEL, A MENTAL WONDER, SUPERMAN IS DESTINED TO RESHAPE THE DESTINY OF A WORLD!
Only in ACTION COMICS
CAN YOU THRILL AT THE DARING DEEDS OF THIS SUPERB CREATION!
DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!
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"CHUCK" DAWSON

By H Fleming

WHEN CHARLES DAWSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-D RANCH IS KILLED IN A BLOODY TEXAS RANGE WAR, HIS YOUNG SON AND ONLY HEIR GOES TO LIVE WITH AN UNCLE, A HORSE RAISER IN WYOMING.

THE BOY KNOWN AS "CHUCK" GROWS TO MANHOOD, WITH THE BUILD OF AN ATHLETE AND AN ALMOST UNCANNY SKILL WITH THE RIFLE AND SIX-GUN.

CHUCK, NOW, BEGINS TO THINK ABOUT TAKING UP THE FIGHT AGAINST THE CROOKED CATTLEMEN WHO KILLED HIS FATHER.

"CHUCK" MAKES UP HIS MIND TO GO BACK TO BATTLE THE GANG OF CROOKED RANCH OWNERS WHO HAVE ACQUIRED BY FRAUD THE RANGE LANDS HE INHERITED AT HIS FATHER'S DEATH

UNCLE DAN, I'M GOING TO REDGULCH AND HAVE A SHOW DOWN WITH THAT A-G OUTFIT. THEY SHOT DOWN MY DAD IN COLD BLOOD

THEY CONTROL EVERYTHING CHUCK

ONLY A FEW MORE MILES BLACKY AND WE'LL BE IN REDGULCH

IT DOESN'T SEEM SO PEACEFUL LIKE IN THERE

DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE ABOUT. I'LL STOP IN HERE AND ASK A FEW QUESTIONS

THE DOOR SUDDENLY FLIES OPEN AND A STOCKY EVIL-LOOKING PUNCHER BACKS OUT A SIX GUN IN EACH HAND POURING LEAD THROUGH THE DOOR-WAY

YOU SCUM! I'LL LEARN YOU TO TANGLE WITH NOTCH LOGAN

HEY, YOU! GIT IN THAR WITH THE REST O' THEM COW NURSES

YEN? SUPPOSE I DON'T

SO YUH DON'T THINK YUH WILL, EH! WHY YUH IMPUDENT YOUNG HOUND — I WOULDN'T WASTE A SHELL ON YUH — I'LL JEST —

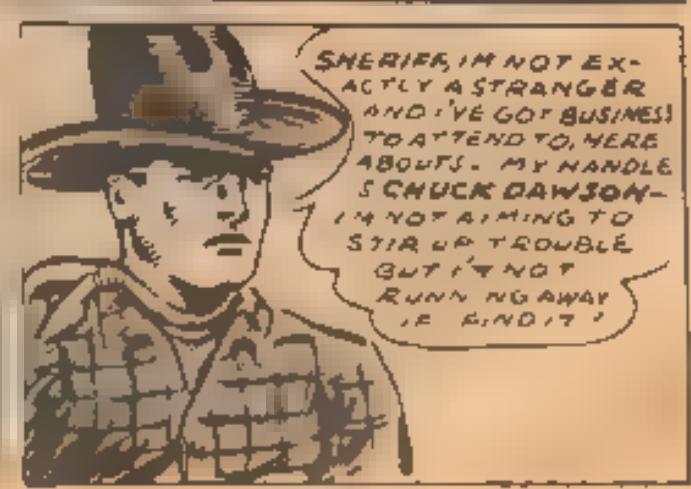
TAKE THAT!

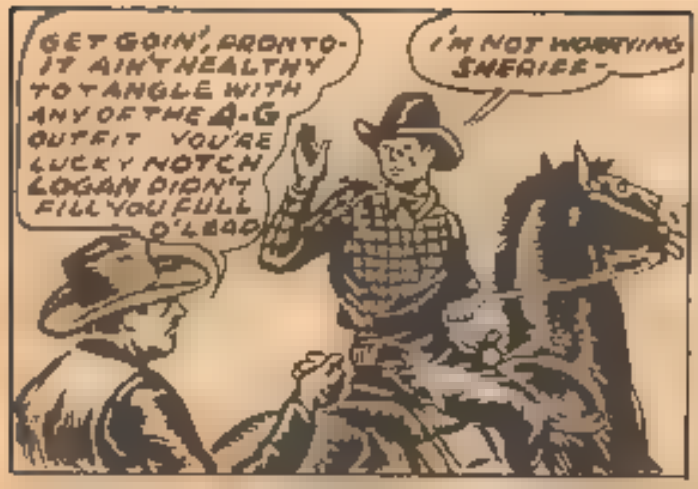
ESCAPING THE PUNCHER'S VICIOUS SWING BY THE FRACTION OF AN INCH CHUCK LEAPS OVER THE HITCH RACK AND LANDS A CRUSHING BLOW TO THE BULLY'S BRISTLING CHIN -
NOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?
CRACK
WHO IS HE?

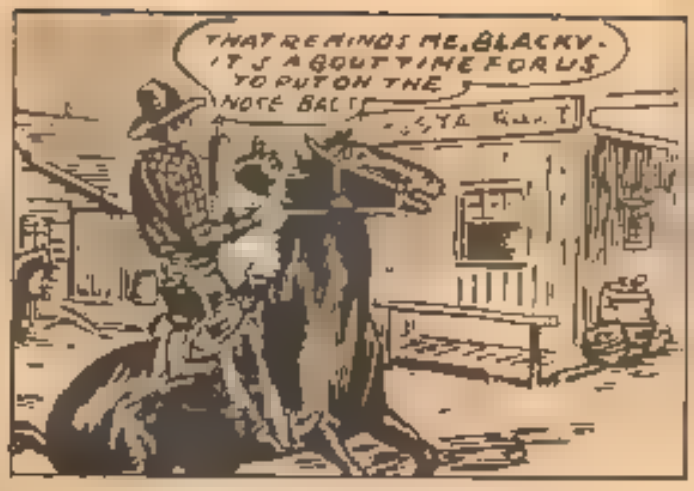
NOW, YOU GET ABOARD YOUR NAG AND OUST OUT OF HERE!

YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME FELLER!

LOOK HERE, I'M THE SHERIFF AND I'M NOT PARTIAL TO STRANGERS COMIN' HERE AND STIRRIN' UP TROUBLE! YOU'D BETTER GIT!


SHERIFF, I'M NOT EXACTLY A STRANGER AND I'VE GOT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO, HERE ABOUTS. MY HANDLE'S CHUCK DAWSON — I'M NOT AIMING TO STIR UP TROUBLE BUT I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY IF FIND IT!

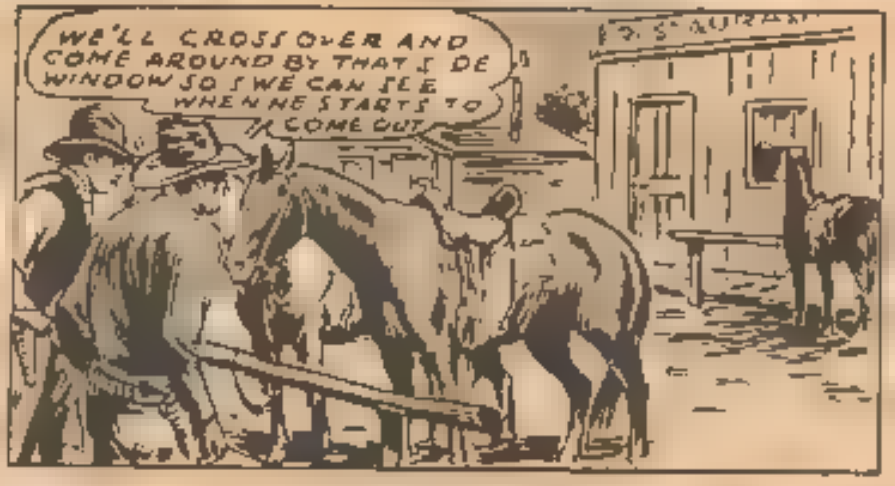

GET GOIN', PRONTO- IT AIN'T HEALTHY TO TANGLE WITH ANY OF THE 4-G OUTFIT YOU'RE LUCKY NOTCH LOGAN DIDN'T FILL YOU FULL O' LEAD
I'M NOT WORRYING SHERIFF-

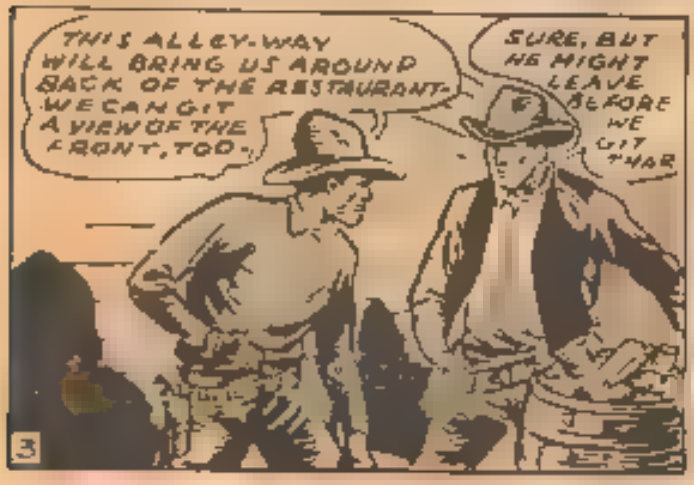

THAT REMINDS ME, BLACKY- IT'S A BOUT TIME FOR US TO PUT ON THE NOSE BAG!

AFTER CHUCK HAS LEFT, JOHN BURWELL OWNER OF THE 4-G RANCH CALLS OVER TRIGGER" HOLT ONE OF HIS RIDERS
TRIGGER, I JUST HEARD THAT THE HOMBRE THAT BEAT UP NOTCH IS YOUNG DAWSON- YOU AND BUTCH TAIL HIM- YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO DON'T MISS
O.K. BOSS I'LL FIND BUTCH

HEY' BUTCH, YOU AN' ME HAVE A LITTLE ARGUMENT WITH THAT JIGGER THAT POLISHED OFF NOTCH THE BOSS SAYS SO'
SURE- WHEN DO WE START?

THAT LOOKS LIKE H'S BLACK IN FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT
SURE THAT'S HIM


WE'LL CROSS OVER AND COME AROUND BY THAT'S DE WINDOW SO'S WE CAN SEE WHEN HE STARTS TO COME OUT

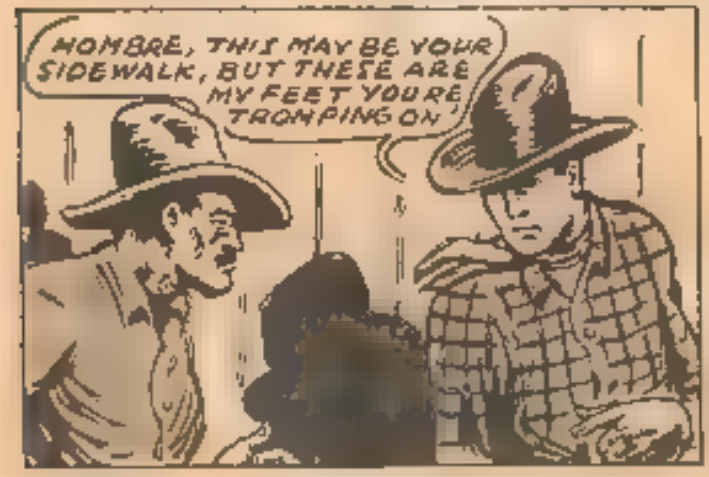

THIS ALLEY-WAY WILL BRING US AROUND BACK OF THE RESTAURANT- WE CAN GIT A VIEW OF THE FRONT, TOO-
SURE, BUT HE MIGHT LEAVE BEFORE WE GIT THAR

I SEE HIM- HE'S STILL EATIN

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH DRILLIN' HIM FROM HERE?
IT'S THE BOSSES ORDERS— GOT TO LOOK LIKE A FIGHT— I'LL BUMP INTA HIM AT THE DOOR YOU STAY HERE—

BUTCH! GET READY—HE'S COMIN' OUT

O.K. BLACKY—NOW WE CAN AMBLE ALONG


HOMBRE, THIS MAY BE YOUR SIDEWALK, BUT THESE ARE MY FEET YOU'RE TROMPING ON!

FUNNY GEEZER, EH? I'LL TEACH YUH TO DRAW IN YOUR HORNS!

HOLD IT!

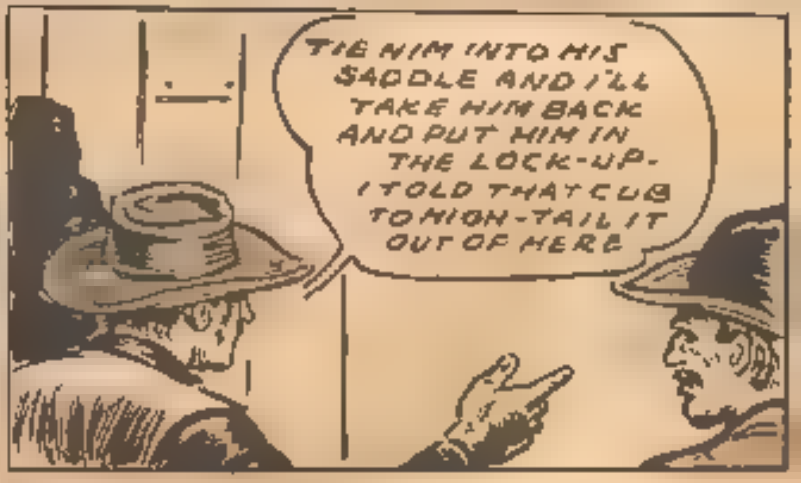
NOW THEN, TAKE THAT
CRACK

-AND A LITTLE JIU JITSU, ANYONE CAN FIGHT- WITH A GUN!

I GOT HIM!

JUST AS BUTCH FELLS CHUCK WITH A BULLET, THE SHERIFF RIDES UP.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
THIS HERE COYOTE IS ON THE PROD- SORT O' TANGLED ROPES WITH TRIGGER HERE AN' CAME OUT SECOND BEST.

CASHED-IN AIN'T HE?
HE'S NO MORE DEAD THAN YOU ARE- JUST OUT- BULLET CREASED HIS SKULL

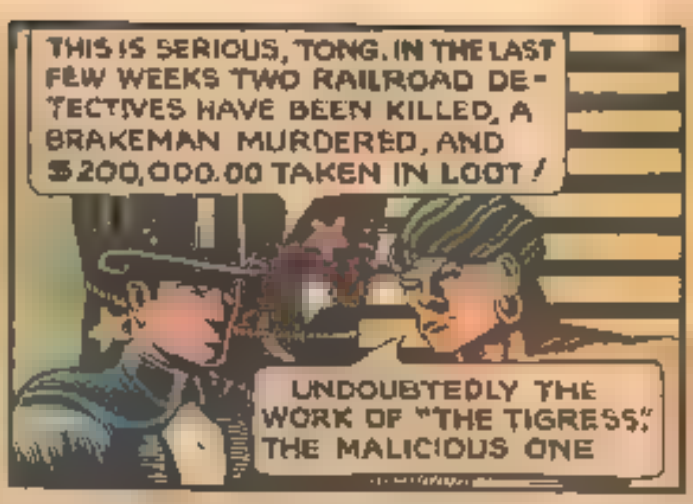

TIE HIM INTO HIS SADDLE AND I'LL TAKE HIM BACK AND PUT HIM IN THE LOCK-UP- I TOLD THAT CUB TO HIGH-TAIL IT OUT OF HERE

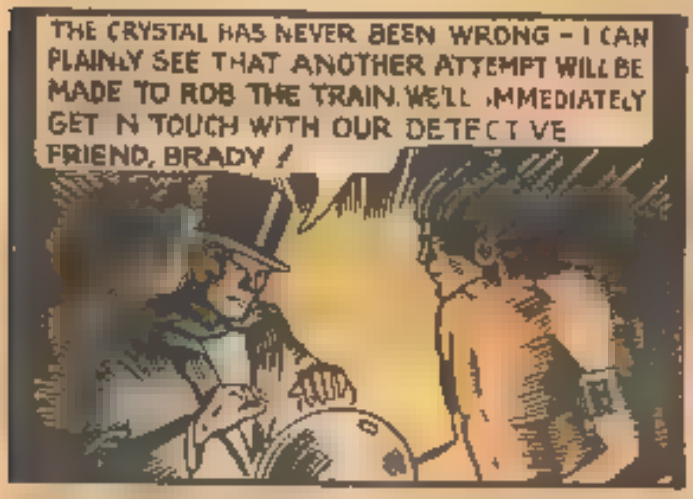
WHEN CHUCK REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A CELL IN BACK OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SITTING IN A CHAIR OUTSIDE IS A DEPUTY.
NOW THE HECK DID I LAND IN HERE? THAT GANG IS UP TO SOMETHING THAT'S SURE. WONDER IF I CAN GET THAT HOMBRE TO COME OVER
HEY DEPUTY! WILL YOU COME OVER? I WANT TO GIVE YOU A MESSAGE. I DON'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO HEAR.
SHUCKS! WHAT DO YUH WANT?
WHEN THE DEPUTY GETS CLOSE TO THE CELL DOOR, CHUCK PRETENDS TO WHISPER - AS THE DEPUTY LEANS FORWARD TO HEAR CHUCK'S LONG ARMS SHOOT FORWARD THROUGH THE BARS -
GIVE ME THAT GUN!
UNLOCK THE DOOR!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
NOW THEN, YOU - PUT YOUR PAWS BEHIND YOUR BACK - WATCH YOURSELF!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
ADIOS DEPUTY! TELL THE G-G GANG I'LL BE SEEING THEM!
CHUCK FINDS HIS OWN GUN IN A TABLE DRAWER - HE IS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE, WHEN HE HEARS THE SOUND OF A FOOT-STEP IN THE OUTER OFFICE
I'M GOING OUT OF THAT DOOR AND NO ONE IS GOING TO STOP ME!
TO BE CONTINUED

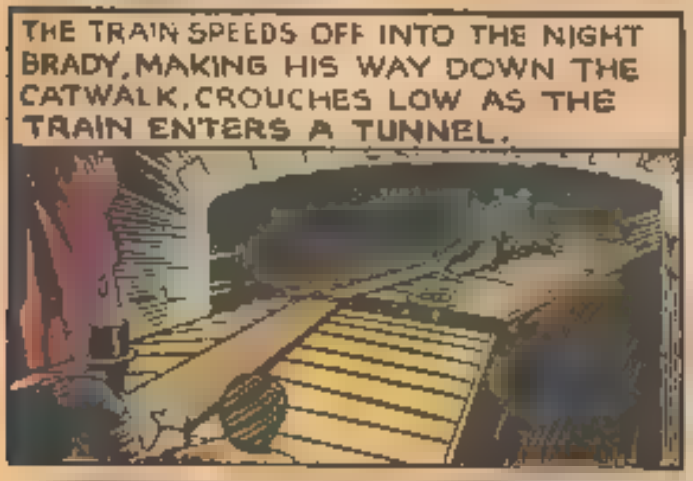
ZATARA
MASTER MAGICIAN

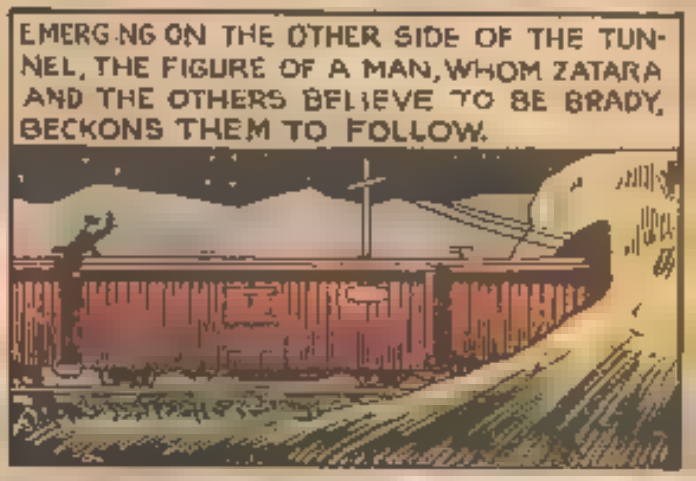
BY FRED GUARDINGER

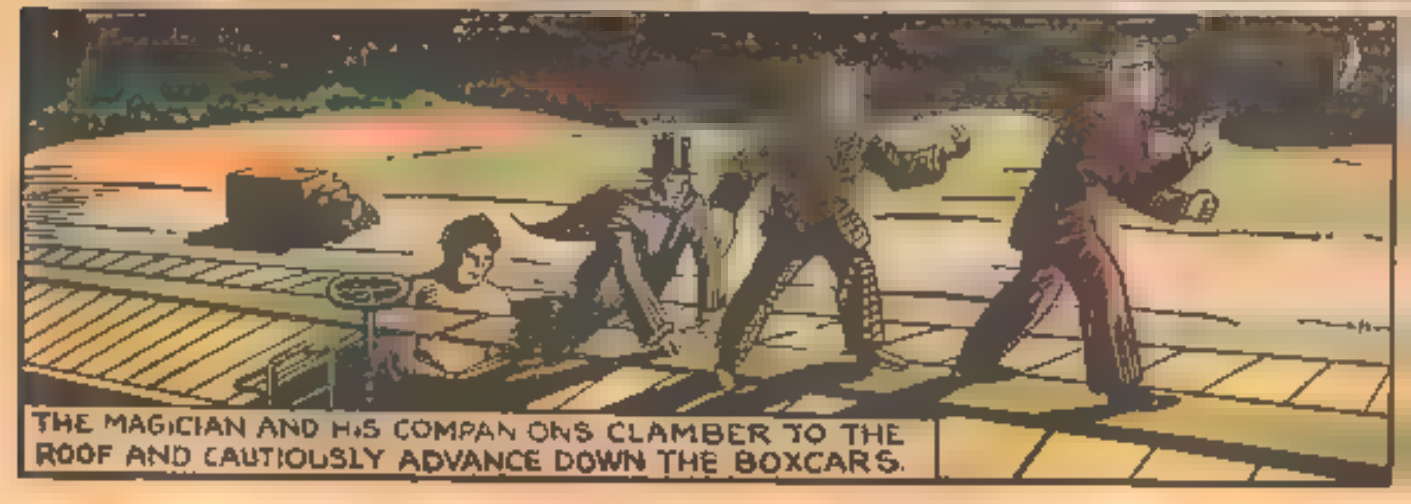
CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER, THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN AND HIS FAITHFUL ASSISTANT, TONG HAVE DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO WIPING OUT THE FORCES OF OUTLAWRY LED BY THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CRIMINAL AND ZATARA'S ARCH-ENEMY, "THE TIGRESS" NOW, THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE "THE MYSTERY OF THE FREIGHT TRAIN ROBBERIES"



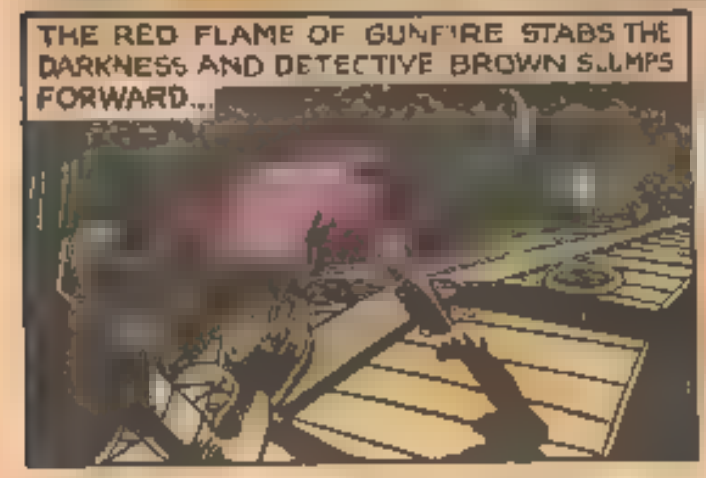


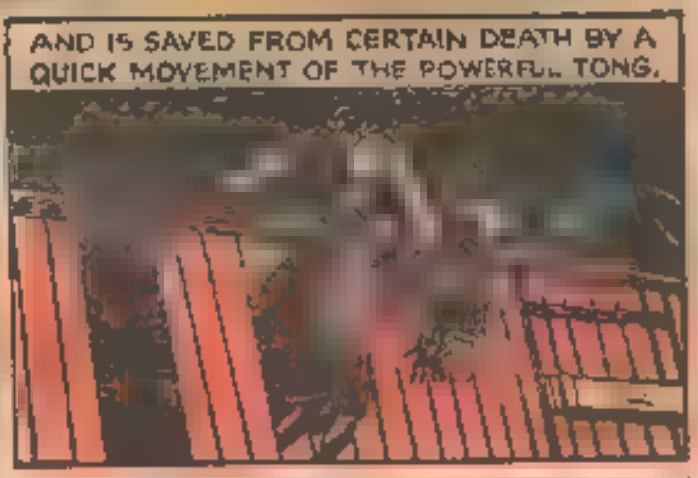






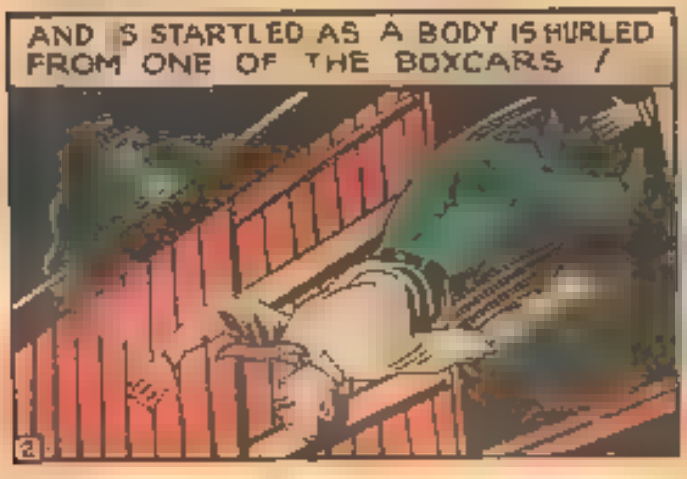
GREAT SCOTT– WHAT'S THAT ?

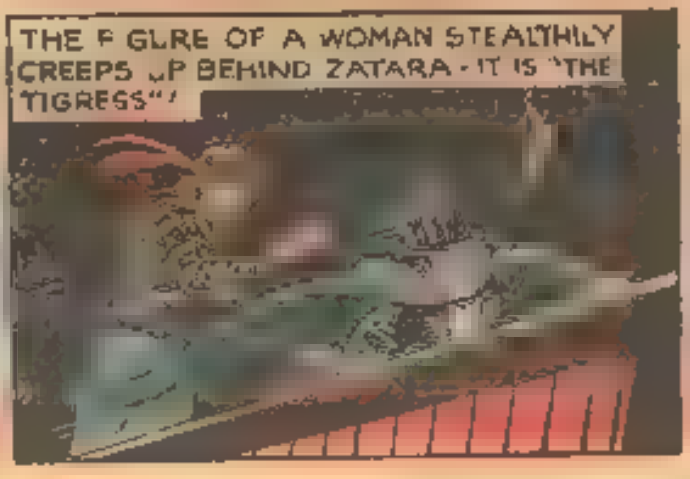

THE RED FLAME OF GUNFIRE STABS THE DARKNESS AND DETECTIVE BROWN SLUMPS FORWARD...


AND IS SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH BY A QUICK MOVEMENT OF THE POWERFUL TONG.

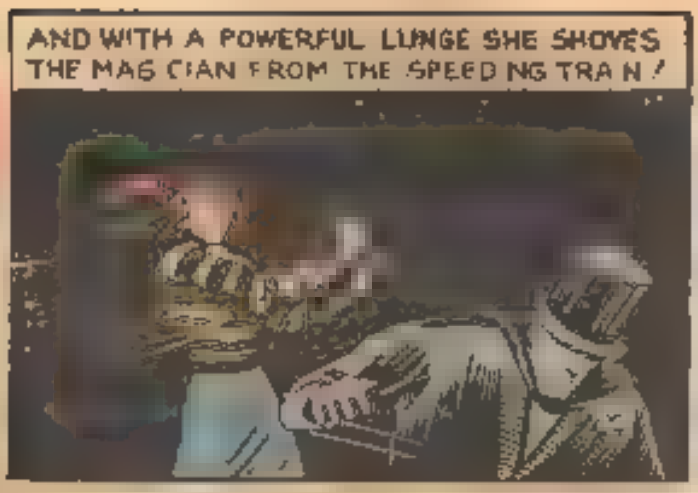
THE DETECTIVE IS MERELY STUNNED AND ZATARA GESTURES WITH HIS HANDS, PRODUCING A FIRST AID KIT !

THE MAGICIAN RACES FORWARD TO INVESTIGATE –
BRADY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THE CROOKS

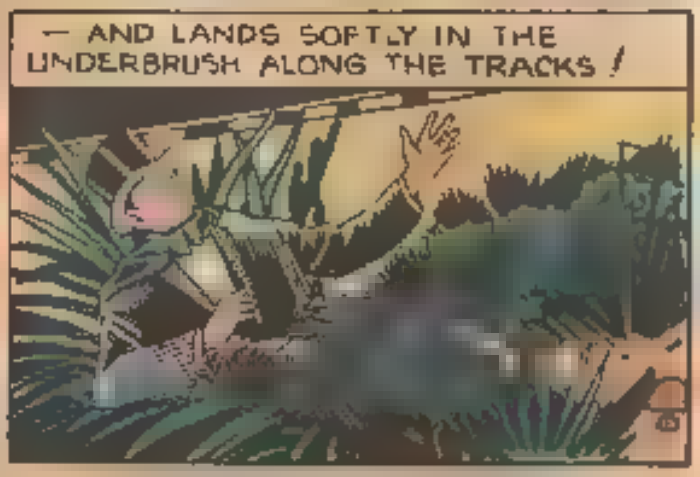

AND IS STARTLED AS A BODY IS HURLED FROM ONE OF THE BOXCARS !

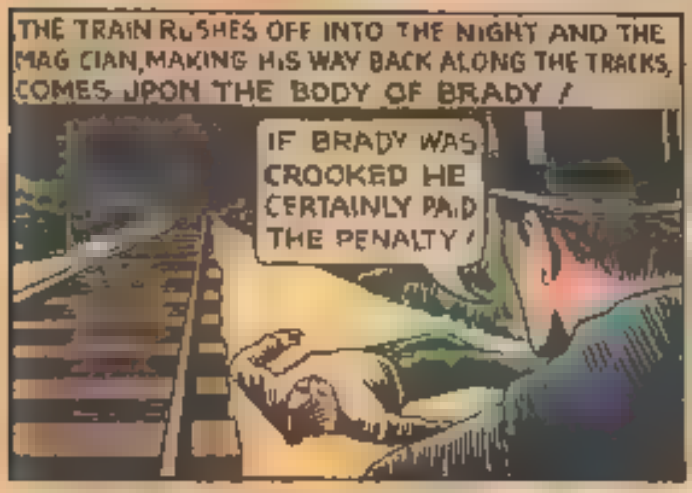

THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN STEALTHILY CREEPS UP BEHIND ZATARA - IT IS "THE TIGRESS"!

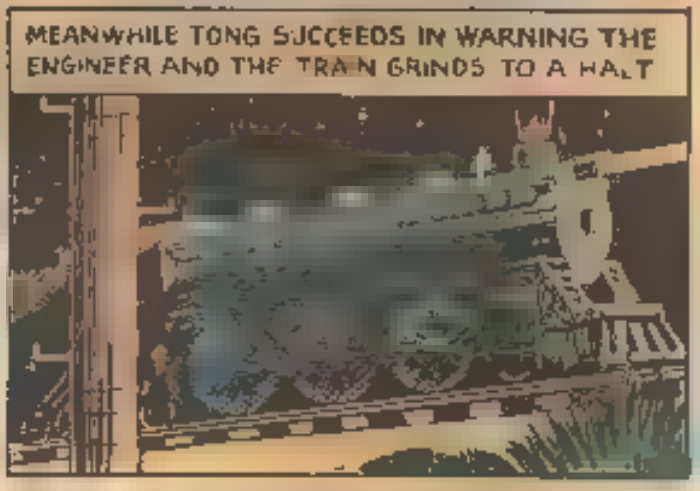
"THE TIGRESS" ATTACKS!
THIS TIME YOU DIE, ZATARA!


AND WITH A POWERFUL LUNGE SHE SHOVES THE MAGICIAN FROM THE SPEEDING TRAIN!

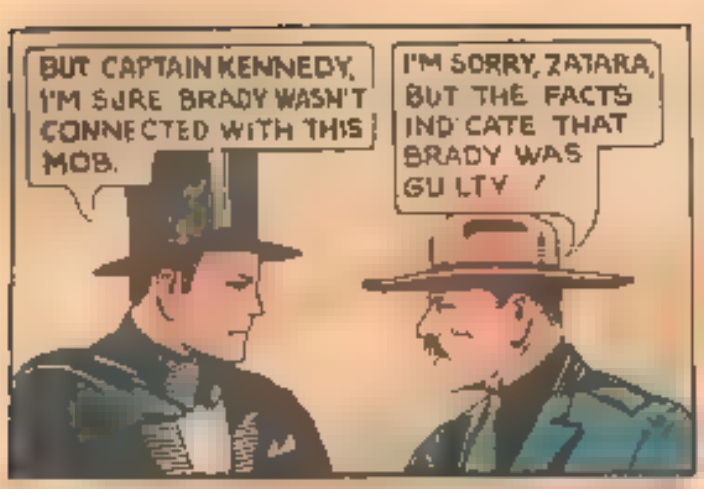
BUT ZATARA'S MAGICAL POWERS SAVE HIM AND HE FLOATS GENTLY DOWN TO EARTH!


— AND LANDS SOFTLY IN THE UNDERBRUSH ALONG THE TRACKS!

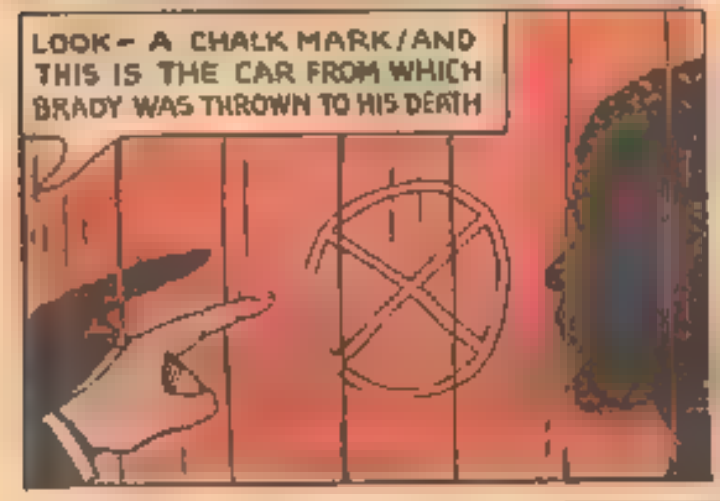

THE TRAIN RUSHES OFF INTO THE NIGHT AND THE MAGICIAN, MAKING HIS WAY BACK ALONG THE TRACKS, COMES UPON THE BODY OF BRADY!
IF BRADY WAS CROOKED HE CERTAINLY PAID THE PENALTY!

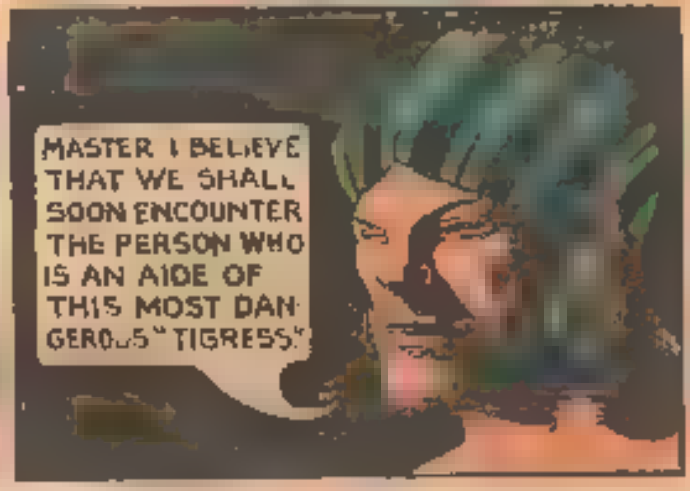

MEANWHILE TONG SUCCEEDS IN WARNING THE ENGINEER AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HALT

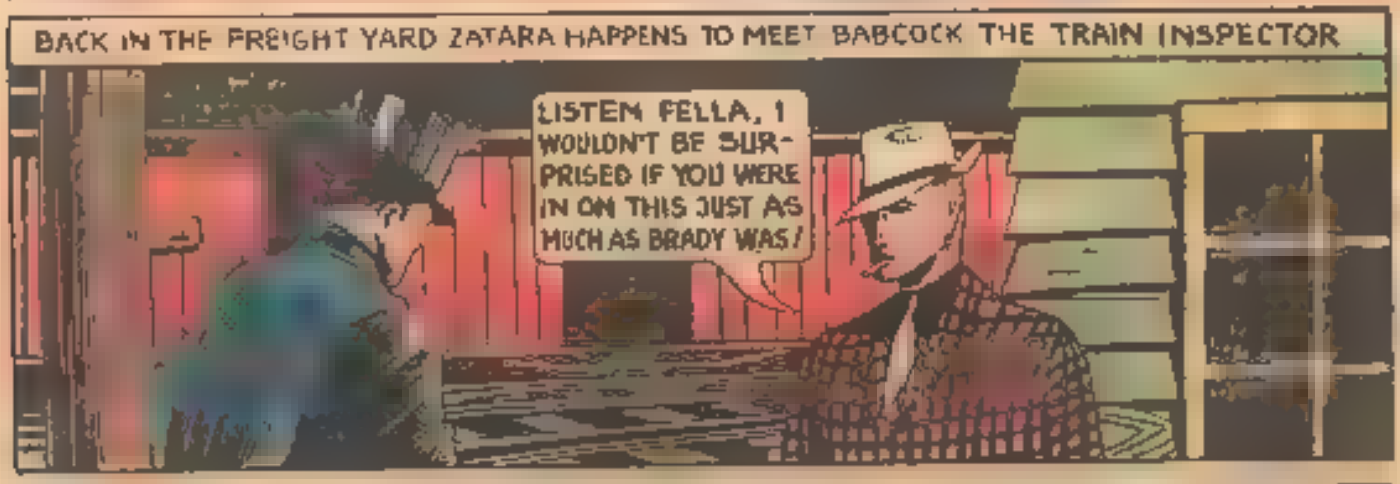
THE STATE POLICE HURRY TO INVESTIGATE THIS LATEST OUTRAGE —

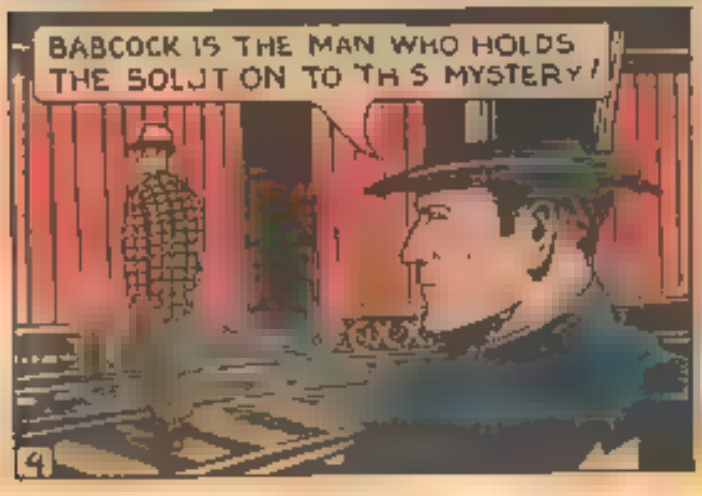

BUT CAPTAIN KENNEDY, I'M SURE BRADY WASN'T CONNECTED WITH THIS MOB.
I'M SORRY, ZATARA, BUT THE FACTS IND CATE THAT BRADY WAS GU LTY

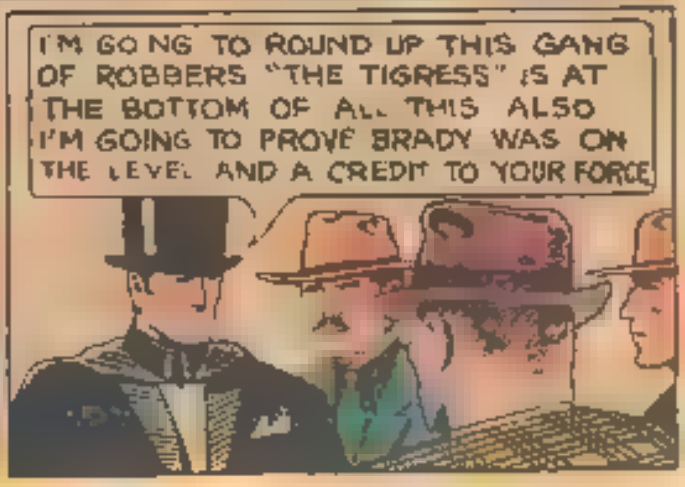
SEVERAL HOURS LATER
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THESE CARS WE MAY FIND SOMETHING!
VERY GOOD, MASTER

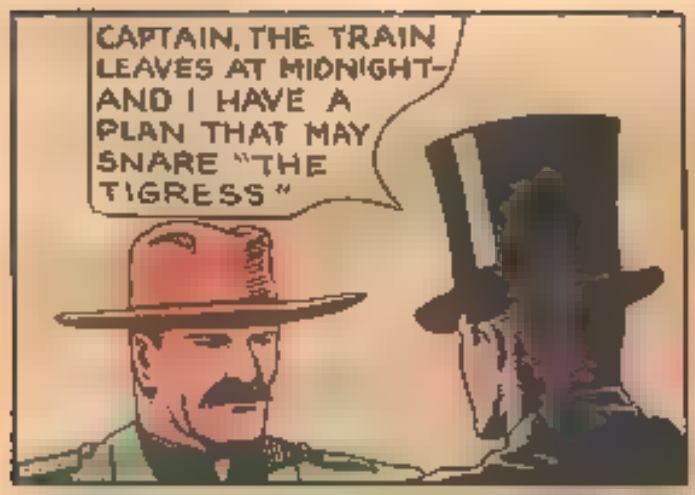

LOOK – A CHALK MARK! AND THIS IS THE CAR FROM WHICH BRADY WAS THROWN TO HIS DEATH


MASTER I BELIEVE THAT WE SHALL SOON ENCOUNTER THE PERSON WHO IS AN AIDE OF THIS MOST DAN GERO..S "TIGRESS."


BACK IN THE FREIGHT YARD ZATARA HAPPENS TO MEET BABCOCK THE TRAIN INSPECTOR
LISTEN FELLA, I WOULDN'T BE SUR-PRISED IF YOU WERE IN ON THIS JUST AS MUCH AS BRADY WAS!


BABCOCK IS THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE SOLUT ON TO TH S MYSTERY!


I'M GO NG TO ROUND UP THIS GANG OF ROBBERS "THE TIGRESS" IS AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS ALSO I'M GOING TO PROVE BRADY WAS ON THE LEVEL AND A CREDIT TO YOUR FORCE

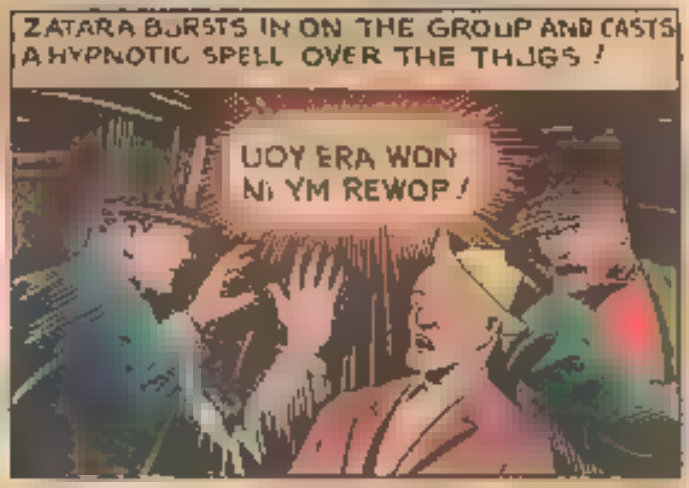

CAPTAIN, THE TRAIN LEAVES AT MIDNIGHT- AND I HAVE A PLAN THAT MAY SNARE "THE TIGRESS"

THE VALUABLES ARE DISTRIBUTED ALL OVER THE TRAIN, JUST LIKE YOU TOLD ME TO DO, MISTER
THAT'S FINE

MASTER ! SAW MANY EVIL LOOKING MEN GO INTO A SHACK BACK THERE !
I'LL GO DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK AT THEM. MEANWHILE, TONG, YOU GO AHEAD AND HELP CAPTAIN KENNEDY WITH THOSE BOXES

THEY'RE THE CROOKS, ALL RIGHT !

IF I CAN GET THEM UNDER THE SPELL UNTIL THE POLICE CARRY OUT MY PLANS - THEN WE CAN CATCH THEM RED-HANDED !
CHEW CUT PLUG
5

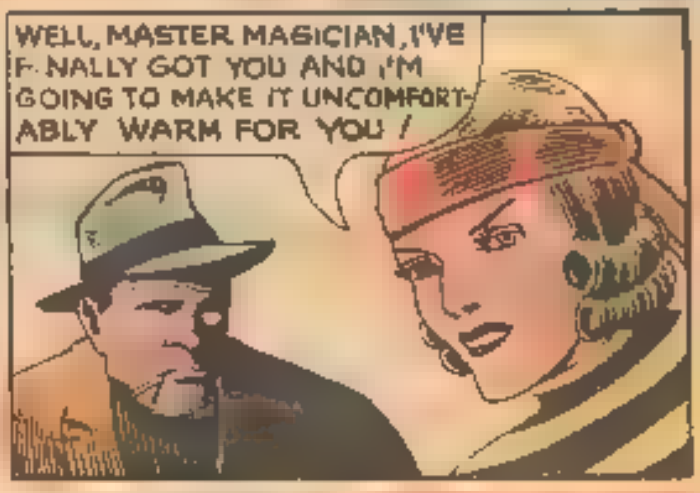

ZATARA BURSTS IN ON THE GROUP AND CASTS A HYPNOTIC SPELL OVER THE THUGS !
UOY ERA WON NI YM REWOP !

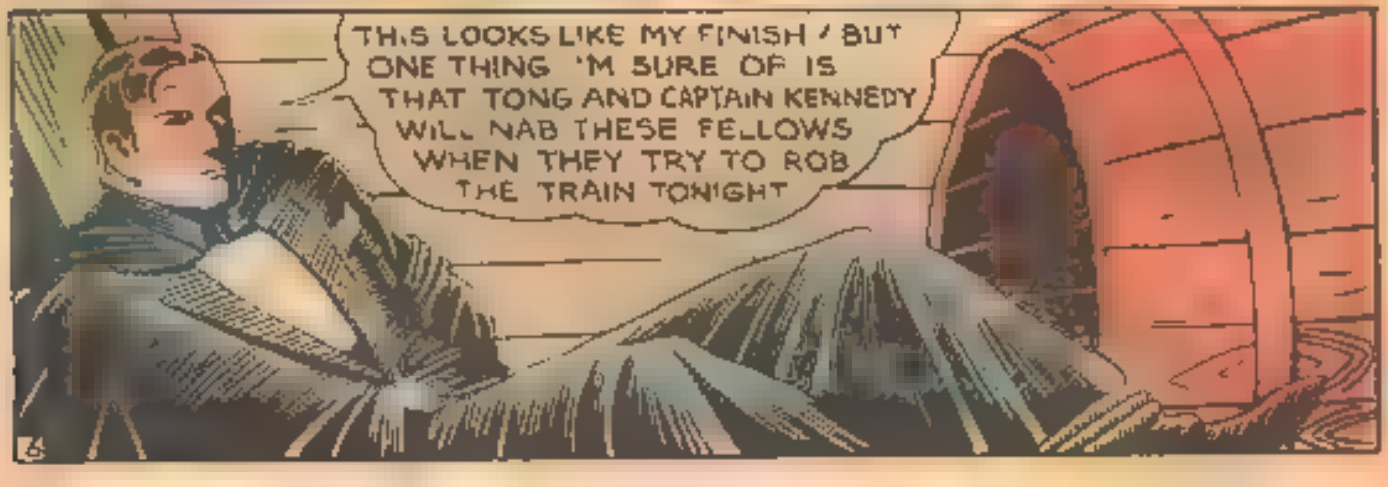
THAT'S THAT ! NOW TO FIND "THE TIGRESS"

SO...IT'S YOU ZATARA !

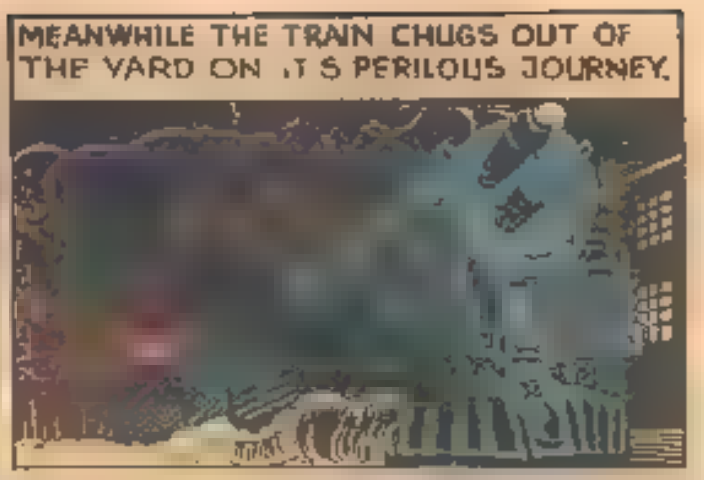
THE CROOKS ARE RELEASED FROM THE SPELL-

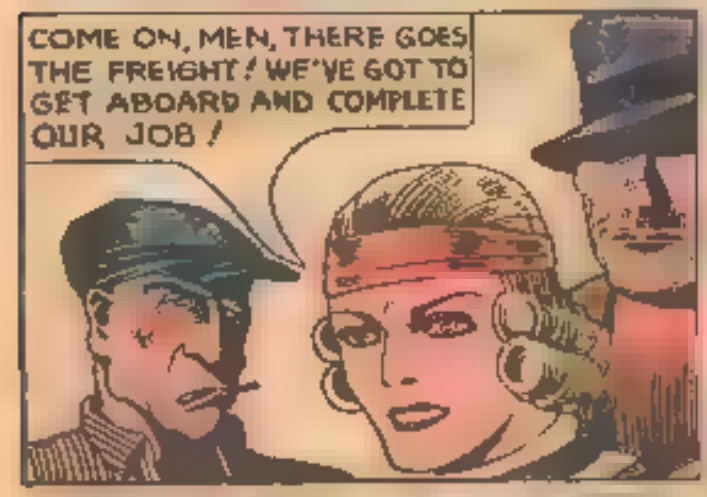
WHAT'LL WE DO BUMP HIM OFF ?
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM MONK !


WELL, MASTER MAGICIAN, I'VE FINALLY GOT YOU AND I'M GOING TO MAKE IT UNCOMFORTABLY WARM FOR YOU !


THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH ! BUT ONE THING I'M SURE OF IS THAT TONG AND CAPTAIN KENNEDY WILL NAB THESE FELLOWS WHEN THEY TRY TO ROB THE TRAIN TONIGHT

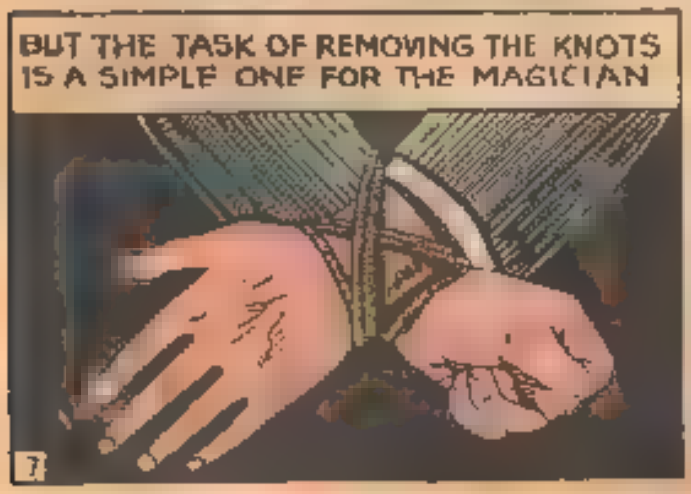
A FEW QUARTS OF KEROSENE OUGHT TO BRIGHTEN THINGS UP


MEANWHILE THE TRAIN CHUGS OUT OF THE YARD ON ITS PERILOUS JOURNEY.


COME ON, MEN, THERE GOES THE FREIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO GET ABOARD AND COMPLETE OUR JOB!

YOU'VE STOOD IN MY WAY ONCE TOO OFTEN, ZATARA!

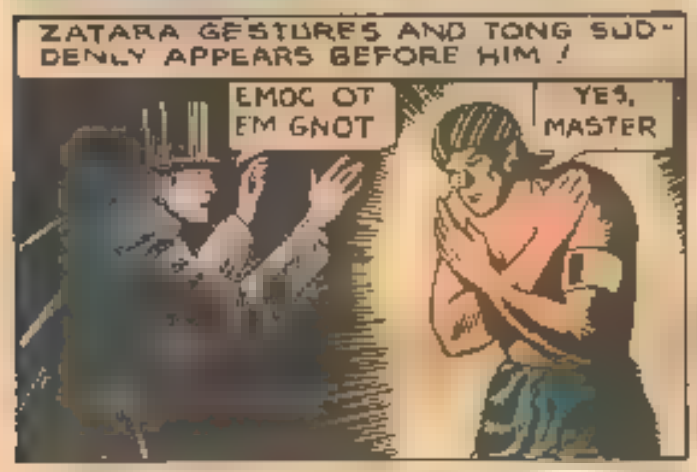
THIS TIME I BID YOU FAREWELL!


BUT THE TASK OF REMOVING THE KNOTS IS A SIMPLE ONE FOR THE MAGICIAN

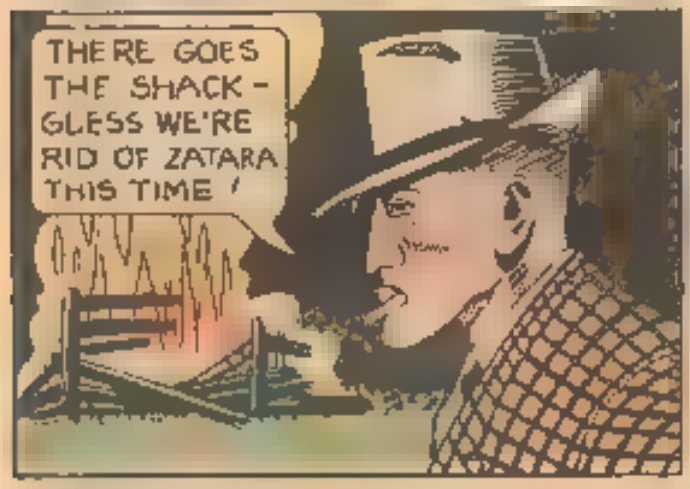
FREE!

F, STAY IN HERE MUCH LONGER I'LL FEEL LIKE A ROASTED PEANUT!

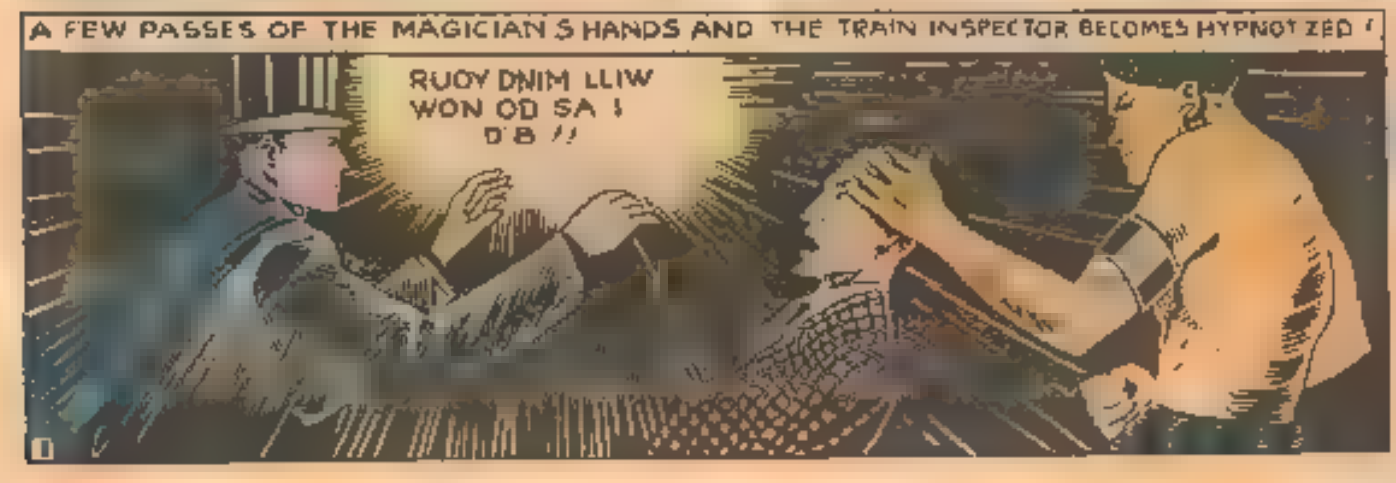
PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

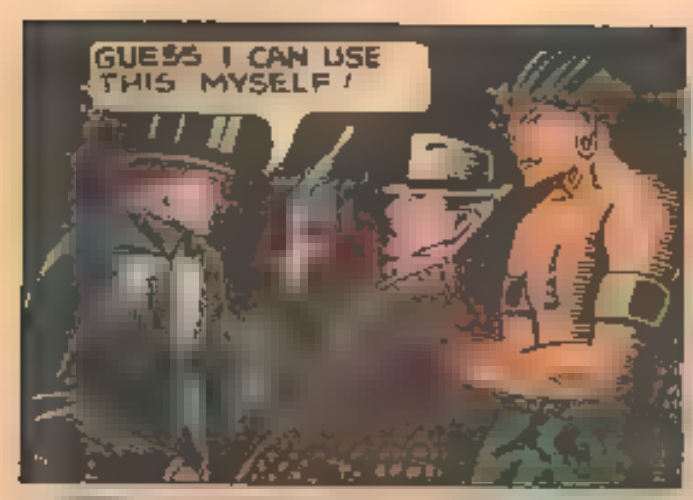

ZATARA GESTURES AND TONG SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE HIM!
EMOC OT EM GNOT
YES, MASTER

STAY IN THE SHADOWS, BABCOCK IS COMING OUT OF THAT BUILDING


THERE GOES THE SHACKLESS WE'RE RID OF ZATARA THIS TIME!

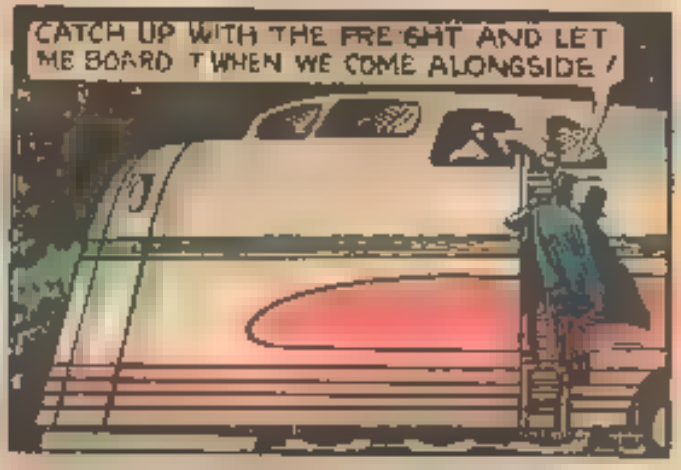
WHAT THE..!

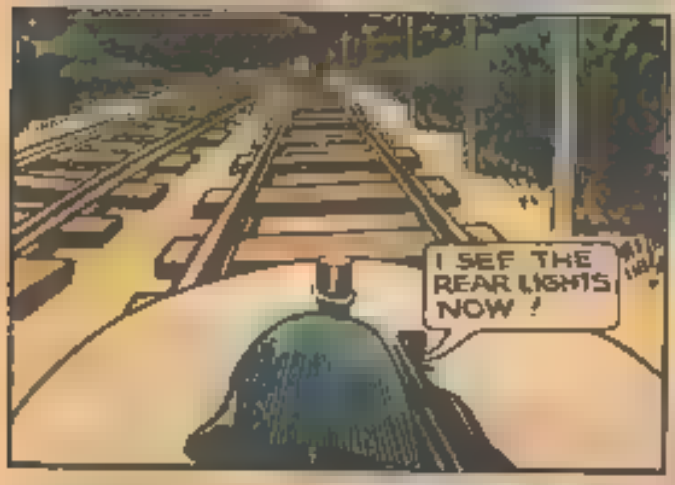

A FEW PASSES OF THE MAGICIAN'S HANDS AND THE TRAIN INSPECTOR BECOMES HYPNOTIZED!
RUOY DNIM LLIW WON OD SA! D'B!!

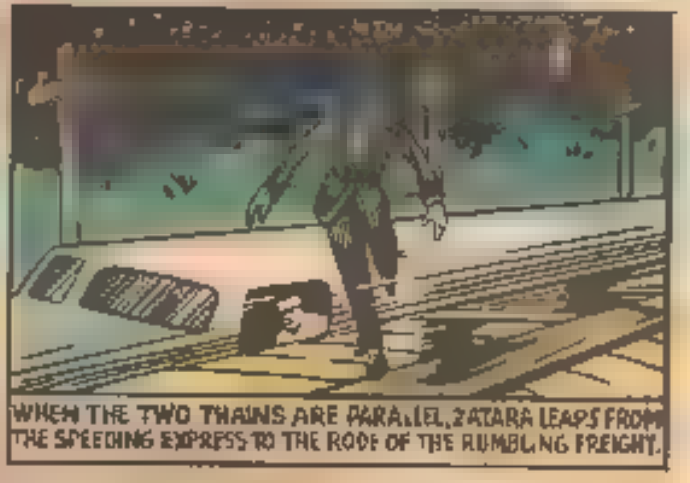

GUESS I CAN USE THIS MYSELF!

TONG, TAKE BABCOCK TO THE POLICE STATION I'LL NOT NEED YOU FOR A WHILE!
YES, MASTER

HERE COMES THE EXPRESS I'LL FLAG IT AND GET ABOARD!

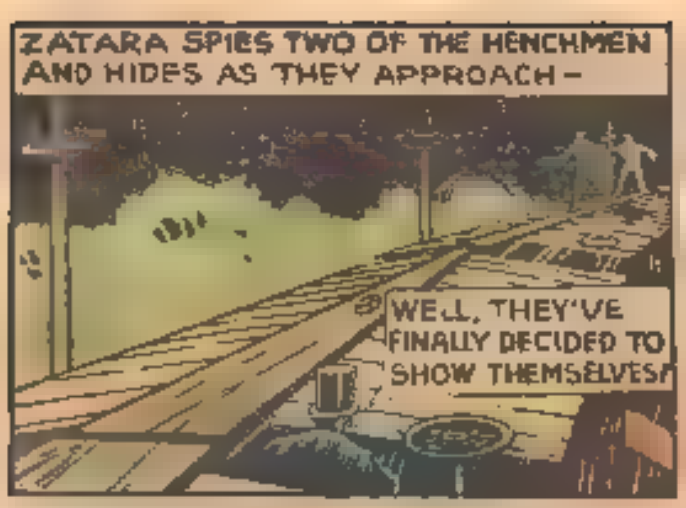

CATCH UP WITH THE FREIGHT AND LET ME BOARD THEN WE COME ALONGSIDE!

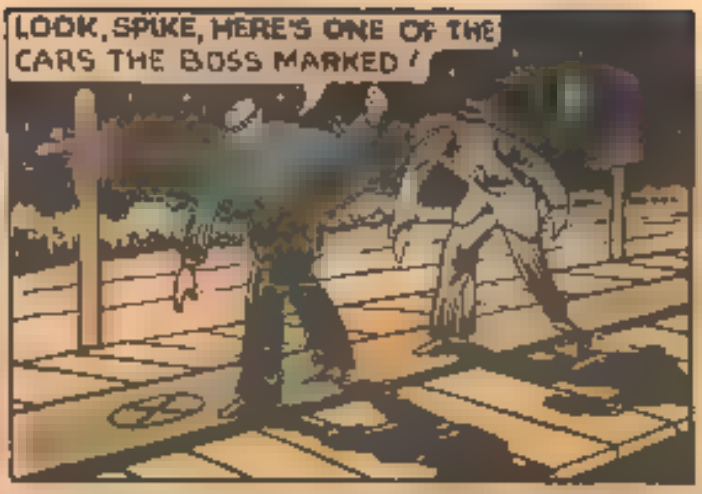

I SEE THE REAR LIGHTS NOW!

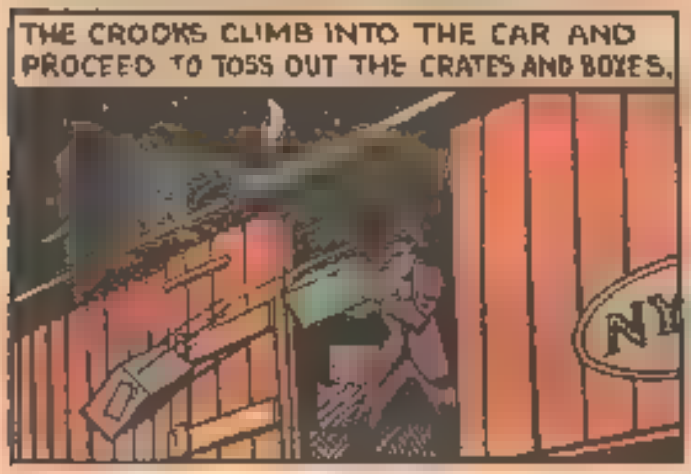

WHEN THE TWO TRAINS ARE PARALLEL, ZATARA LEAPS FROM THE SPEEDING EXPRESS TO THE ROOF OF THE RUMBLING FREIGHT.

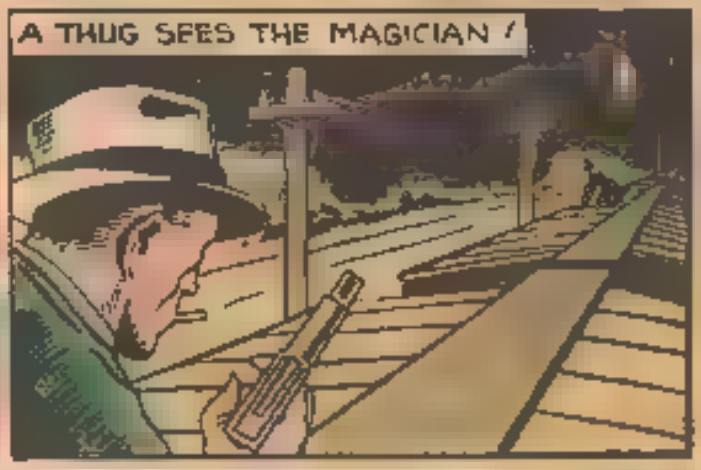
NOW I'LL SEE HOW MY PLAN

HERE'S A MARK! MY TRICK IS WORKING WELL SO FAR

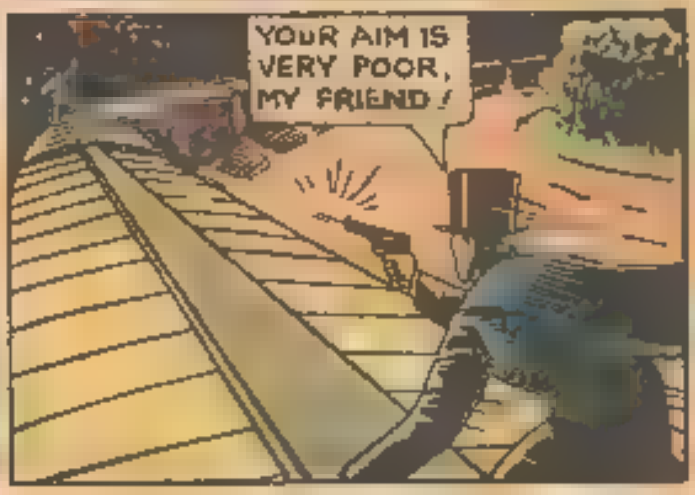

ZATARA SPIES TWO OF THE HENCHMEN AND HIDES AS THEY APPROACH –
WELL, THEY'VE FINALLY DECIDED TO SHOW THEMSELVES!

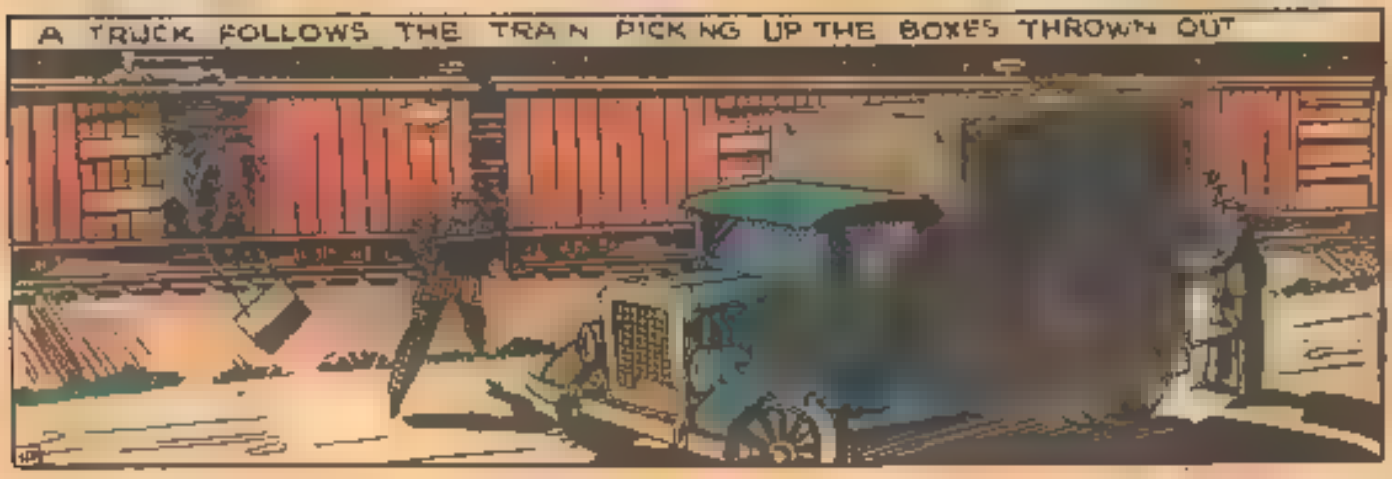

LOOK, SPIKE, HERE'S ONE OF THE CARS THE BOSS MARKED!


THE CROOKS CLIMB INTO THE CAR AND PROCEED TO TOSS OUT THE CRATES AND BOXES.


A THUG SEES THE MAGICIAN!

MAYBE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING FOR THIS, WISE GUY!

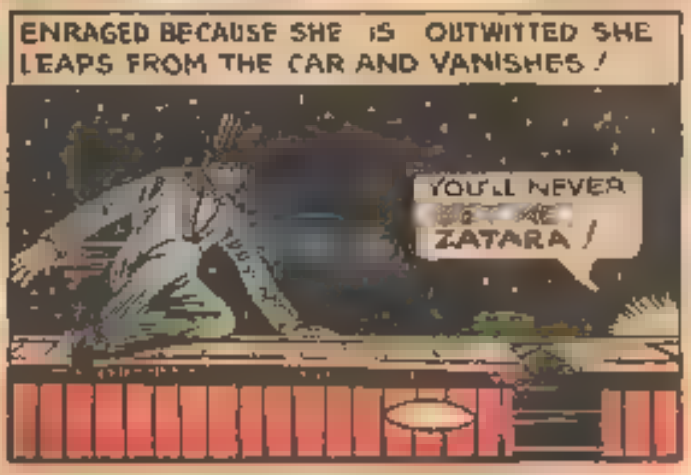

YOUR AIM IS VERY POOR, MY FRIEND!


A TRUCK FOLLOWS THE TRAIN PICKING UP THE BOXES THROWN OUT

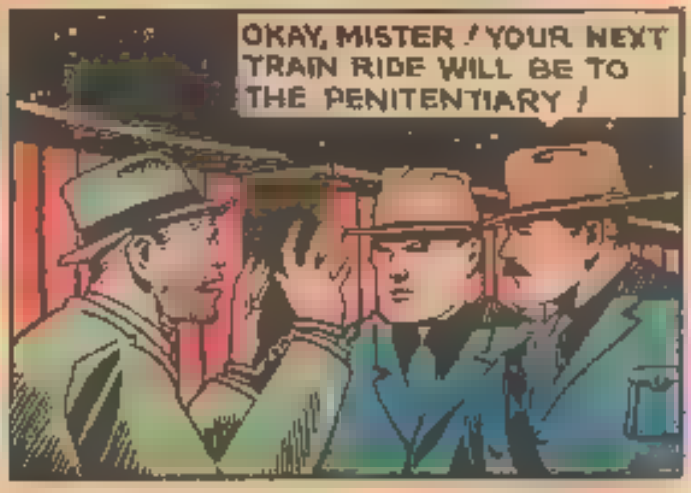
ZATARA CLOSES THE DOOR TO IMPRISON THE ROBBERS IN THE BOXCAR
HEY ! WHAT THE -?

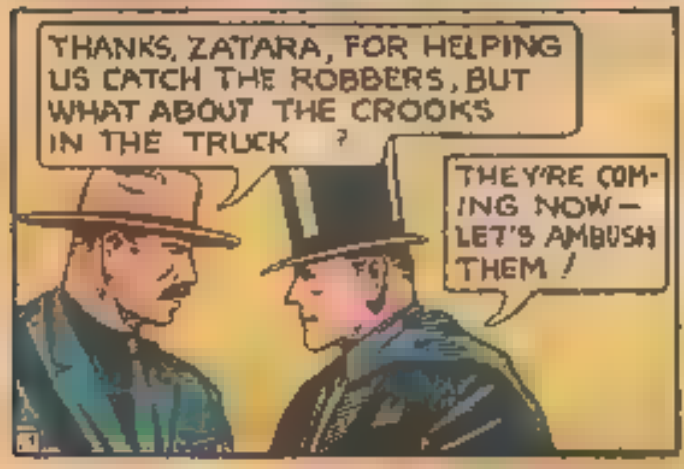
YOUR MAGIC MAY HAVE SAVED YOU FROM THE FIRE BUT I DOUBT IT CAN STOP A BULLET!
THE TIGRESS, EVER ALERT, AGAIN STEALS UPON THE MAGICIAN-

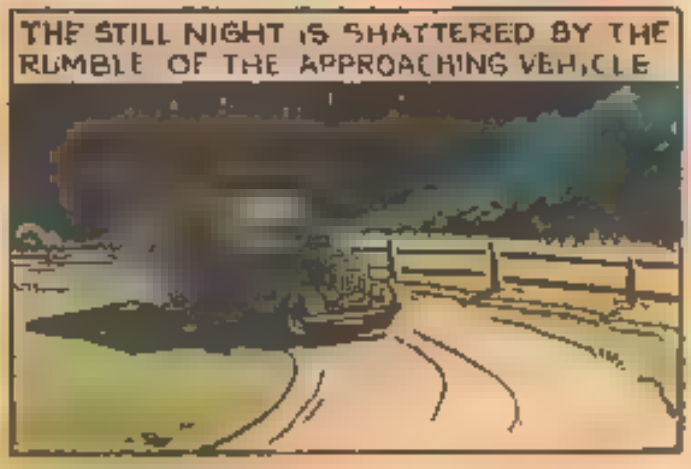
A QUICK GESTURE OF HIS HAND AND THE TIGRESS' GUN IS TRANSFORMED INTO A BULLET!
WHY - WHAT


ENRAGED BECAUSE SHE IS OUTWITTED SHE LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND VANISHES!
YOU'LL NEVER [illegible] ME, ZATARA!

A SPECIAL TRAIN OF POLICE PULLS UP AS THE FREIGHT SLOWS DOWN —


OKAY, MISTER! YOUR NEXT TRAIN RIDE WILL BE TO THE PENITENTIARY!


THANKS, ZATARA, FOR HELPING US CATCH THE ROBBERS, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CROOKS IN THE TRUCK ?
THEY'RE COMING NOW — LET'S AMBUSH THEM!


THE STILL NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY THE RUMBLE OF THE APPROACHING VEHICLE

THE POLICE SPRING FROM THE SIDES OF THE ROAD AND FORCE THE REMAINING ROBBERS INTO SUBMISSION

RAISE THEM HIGH, FELLOW!

YOU SEE, CAPTAIN KENNEDY; BABCOCK THE CROOKED TRAIN INSPECTOR USED TO LEAVE A CAR OPEN FOR THE THIEVES AND THEN LATER THEY ENTERED THE CAR MARKED WITH ⊗ THEY THREW OUT THE FREIGHT AND IT WAS PICKED UP BY THE MEN IN THE TRUCK!

WHILE THEY WERE HOLDING ME IN THE SHACK I HAD TONG SUBSTITUTE THOSE BOXES FOR THE VALUABLE CARGO WHICH IS STILL SAFE AND SOUND ON THE FREIGHT TRAIN —

SO BABCOCK TIPPED THEM OFF?

CORRECT! AND TONG HAS HIM NOW AT THE POLICE STATION BACK IN TOWN!

BACK IN THE STATION HOUSE BABCOCK CONFESSES BRADY'S INNOCENCE

NO, BRADY WASN'T IN WITH US-THEY BUMPED HIM OFF THAT NIGHT WE WENT THROUGH THE TUNNEL! ONE OF THE BOYS PUT ON HIS HAT AND COAT AND MOTIONED YOU TO COME AHEAD.

CONGRATULATIONS, ZATARA, YOU CERTAINLY AIDED THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE TOO BAD "THE TIGRESS" IS STILL AT LARGE.

THANK YOU CAPTAIN

WELL, THAT CLOSES THIS CASE NOW TO WATCH WHERE "THE TIGRESS" STRIKES NEXT!

THIS HUMBLE PERSON SEEKS A BIT OF SLEEP BEFORE THE NEXT "TIGRESS" HUNT!

SOUTH SEA STRATEGY

By

Captain Frank Thomas

FOR an instant, the sky to the west was splashed with all the vivid colors of nature's paint box. Brilliant ribbons of red and blue shot into the void, blending and melting with the softer greens and golden shades of the clouds that drifted by. A kaleidoscope of many tones reflected itself in the mirror-surface of the sea.

The inspiring vision lasted but a moment and then the molten ball of sun sank beyond the horizon. Light grew dim and finally disappeared and from the east to the west night spread its blanket over the tropic waters and islands.

Bret Coleman, sitting on the rail of his small schooner, struck a match and applied it to his briar. Hungrily his blue eyes devoured the luminous display that had, a minute before, flashed across the heavens like liquid fire.

"And each night it seems to become more beautiful," he whispered. Then arousing himself he walked aft to the cabin and shouted down to his mate, cook, cabin boy and all around assistant, Cottonball.

"Shake a leg there, fellow, and let's get the anchor on board."

"Ah's comin', Cap'n Bret," and a few seconds later Cottonball's glistening, black face appeared above the hatch.

Together they hoisted the anchor chain and made it fast to the fore-deck. They raised the sail and the huge canvas, flapping like a white albatross, caught the warm breeze and swelled into a large crescent.

Coleman swung the wheel and slowly the *Aruba* turned pointing her bow westward. The sea washed softly against her side and the dark shore of the island to the right slipped by, mysteriously and magic-like.

"We made out pretty well this time, Cottonball," said Coleman.

"Yes suh, Cap'n, we sho' did," grinned Cottonball, his teeth flashing whitely in the gloom. "De boat am filled right to de brim wif copra and fo' good measure we has five hundred pounds of pearl shell. Dis am one of de best trips we has ever made, Cap'n!"

COLEMAN laughed and puffed on his pipe. It had been an excellent trip and three weeks from now, if everything went smoothly, they'd be in Singapore. The market would bring a good price for the cargo and then, with a well filled purse, they'd sail leisurely southward through the islands to Sydney.

Cottonball shuffled forward to hang the port and starboard lights. Coleman switched on a light to make a compass reading, his blue-grey eyes carefully studying the sensitive needle. His face was thin and strong and ten years

beneath the tropic sun had dyed his complex on the color of teakwood

Up on the forehead Cottonball squatted and hummed a native song of the islands. Back of them to the east the silver crescent of the moon rose against the diamond-studded backdrop of the velvet heavens. The wonderfulness of the new night pleased him greatly and Coleman settled back on the cushions.

Up forward Cottonball had suddenly ceased his song and at once Coleman knew the reason. In the distance, off their starboard, he heard the splashing of water. And then, through the stillness, came the cry of a man . . . frantic and desperate!

Coleman leaped to his feet and shouted to Cottonball! The negro disappeared into the cabin and a few seconds later was back on deck with a powerful searchlight in his hands. He pressed the switch and the beam of light stabbed the darkness like a huge rapier.

The bronze-faced captain swung the wheel and the *Aruba* veered off in the direction from where the sound emanated. The splashing grew louder and presently Cottonball's probing light settled on the figure of a man swimming fiercely toward the boat.

He came alongside and Coleman, reaching over, heaved him on deck, dripping and panting. He was a white man, middle-aged and gray. An ugly, open cut was slashed across his forehead and temple, and Coleman lost no time in cleaning and dressing the wound.

For a moment he sat on the deck breathing heavily, eyes closed. Then he opened them and looked up at the lean figure of Coleman standing above him.

"Thank God I reached you!" he gasped and the captain caught him as he fainted.

"We'd better anchor here for the night," Coleman said to his negro assistant. And lifting the unconscious man, he carried him down into the cabin and laid him on the couch.

HALF an hour later he awoke and smiled wanly when he realized that he had fainted. Coleman offered him a warm stimulating drink which he held in his hand and sipped as he recited the horrible incidents of the uprising of the island natives.

"What really caused it I can't imagine," the man said. "But they suddenly went mad and swept over the whole island, killing and plundering as they went. The unexpectedness and brutality of it was indescribable . . . shocking!

The stranger's strength returned and he introduced himself to Coleman. He was Samuel Newton and had spent the last twenty years of his life in the islands as a missionary and trader. Three years ago his daughter Merna, and a housekeeper had come to live with him.

"Were they with you when the natives went berserk?" asked Coleman.

Newton passed a hand over his eyes. "Yes, they were . . . the housekeeper was killed and the natives carried Merna back into the interior. They evidently left me for dead for when I became conscious they had gone and my house was a smouldering ruin!"

He told of hiding in the heavy underbrush till nightfall and then stumbling along the beach, he espied the approaching lights of the *Aruba*.

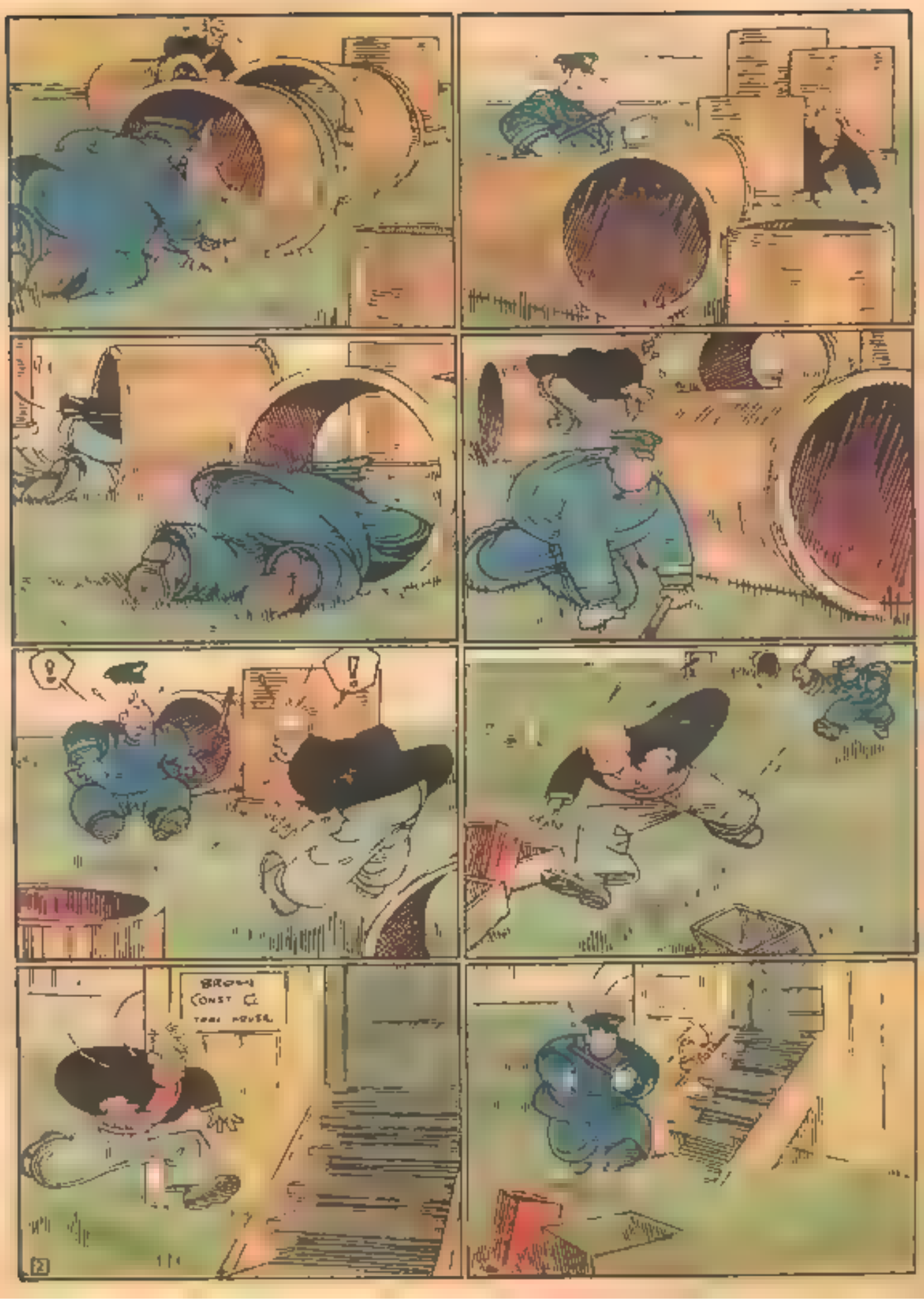
"But I must get help," he cried. "I must go back and free my daughter before they kill her, too!"

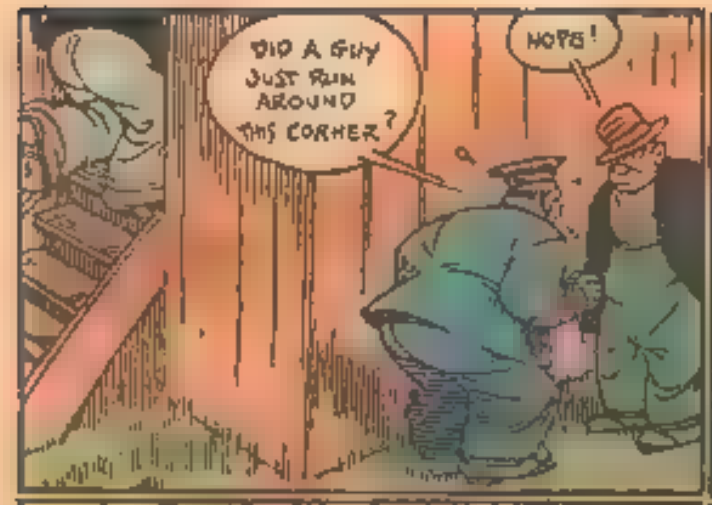
Coleman placed his arm around the older man's shoulders. "We'll do our very best to get her back, Mr. Newton. Cottonball and I know these natives exceedingly well and perhaps we can give them a surprise they haven't been expecting!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)

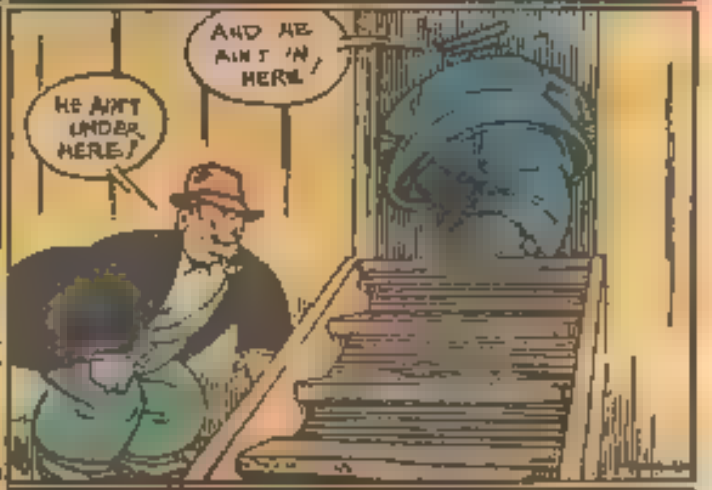
(Will Bret Coleman manage to save Merna Newton from the blood-thirsty South Sea island natives? Read the exciting climax of this story in the July issue.)

STICKY-MIT STIMSON
BY ALGER
GEE! AIRPLANE!
?
THIEF! POLICE!!
AH! IT'S STICKY!!
UNGH!


?
!
BROWN
CONST CO
TOOL HOUSE
2

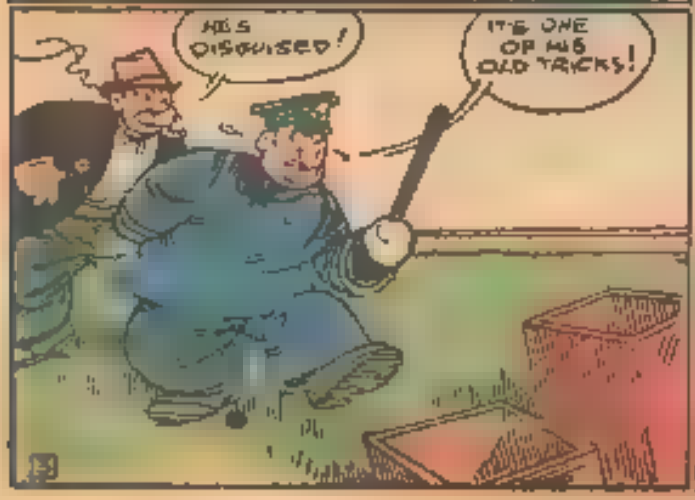

DID A GUY JUST RUN AROUND THIS CORNER?
NOPE!

NOW FOR A LABORER'S DISGUISE!

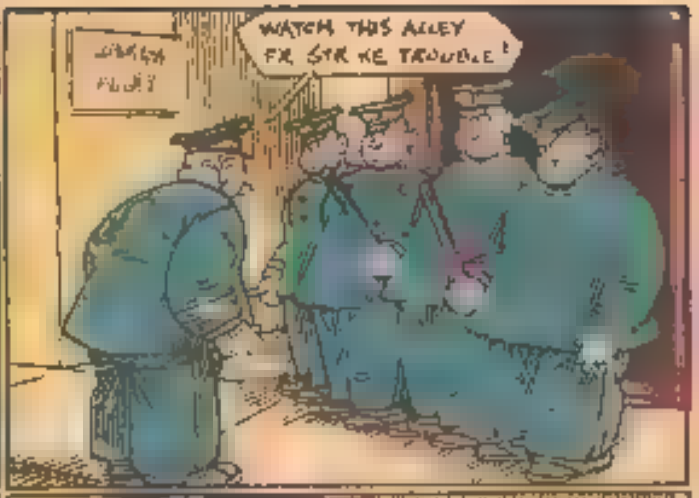

HE AIN'T UNDER HERE!
AND HE AIN'T IN HERE!

HERE'S HIS COAT!
!!

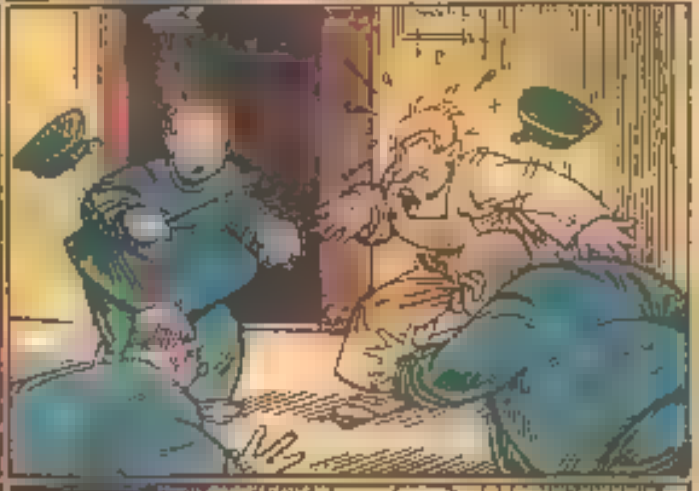
?

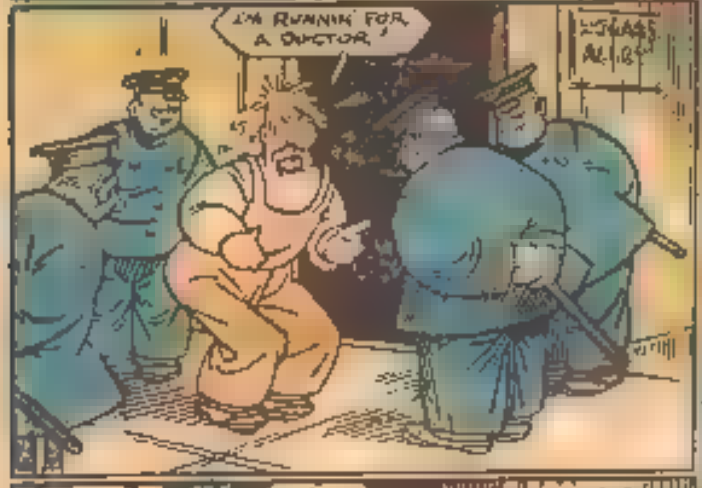

HE'S DISGUISED!
IT'S ONE OF HIS OLD TRICKS!

GOTTA GET A DRINK O' WATER.
SAY! YOU AIN'T FEELIN' GOOD ARE YUH?


WATCH THIS ALLEY FOR SOME TROUBLE!

ALLEY




I'M RUNNIN' FOR A DOCTOR!

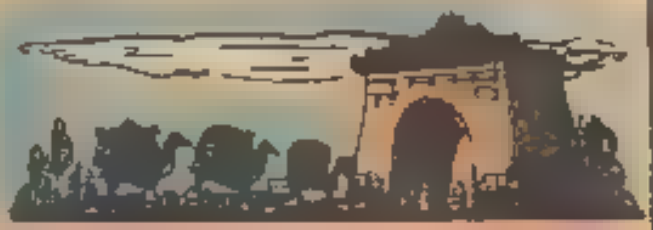
THAT'S HIM!
BUT LISSEN!

WELL STRUCK ME BLINK!!
IT AIN'T HIM!
ALLEY

WHEW! THAT'S ONCE I GET A BREAK!
ALLEY

The ADVENTURES of MARCO POLO

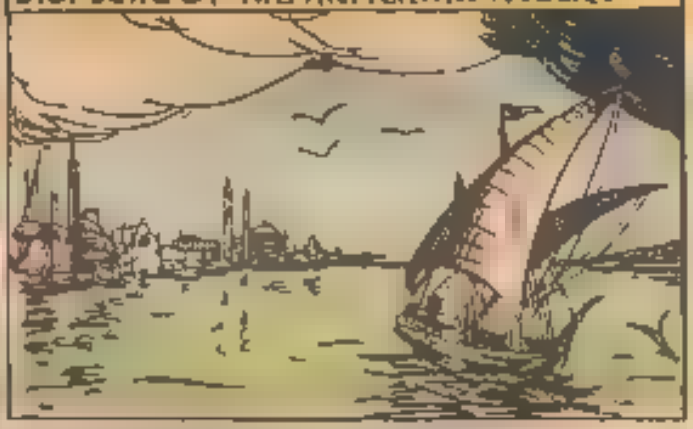
ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELVÉN



IT'S THE YEAR 1271
MARCO POLO, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN, TOGETHER WITH HIS FATHER AND UNCLE, TWO WEALTHY AND IMPORTANT MEN OF VENICE, SET OUT ON A JOURNEY TO THE ORIENT.

AS THEY REACH THE ARMENIAN COAST THEY ARE MET BY THE KING'S EMISSARY.

AN ARMED GALLEY IS PLACED AT THEIR DISPOSAL BY THE ARMENIAN RULER.

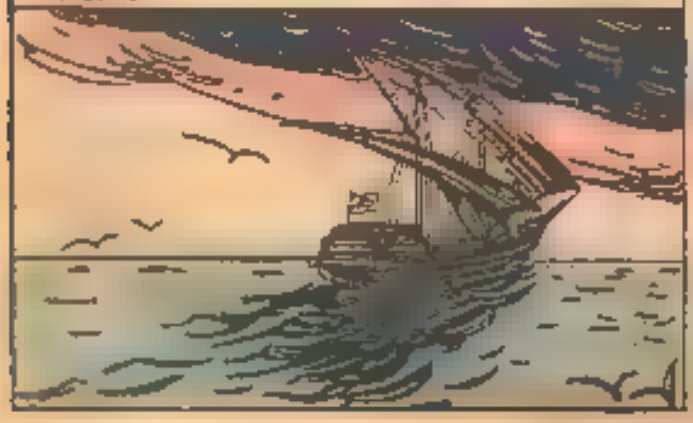


LOOKING AT THE CITY OF ACRE THEY GO DIRECTLY TO THE POPE'S PALACE.

WHERE THEY RECEIVE IMMEDIATE AUDIENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS AND GIVEN THEIR INSTRUCTIONS.

"MY BLESSINGS UPON YOU---
THIS IS YOUR MISSION, THE KHAN OF TARTARY REQUESTS ME TO SEND PRIESTS AND MEN OF LEARNING TO HIS GREAT DOMAIN TO IMPART THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR COUNTRY TO HIS PEOPLE.
I HAVE BUT TWO PRIESTS AVAILABLE TO SEND, WHO, WITH LETTERS AND GIFTS I ENTRUST TO YOUR CARE TO SAFELY CONVEY TO THAT VAST EMPIRE IN THE EAST."

SO AGAIN THEY SET OUT FOR DISTANT LANDS.



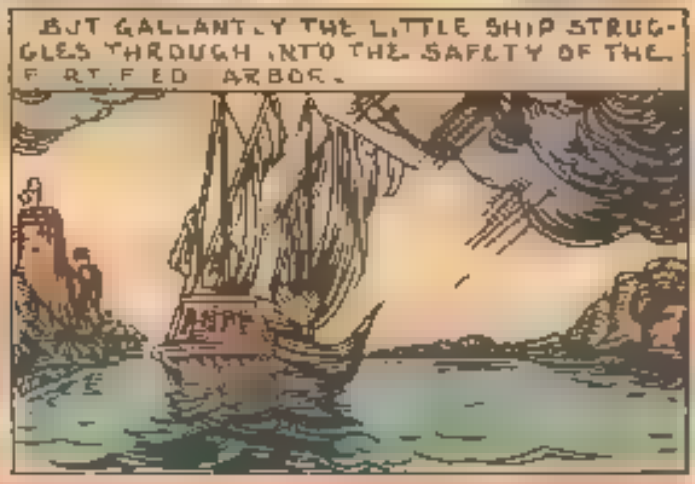
OH LOOK! A FLEET OF SHIPS!
HM LOOKS LIKE THE ENEMY'S FLAG ON THEM TOO

WE MUST RUN FOR IT THEY'RE BABYLON AN WARSHIPS - WE'RE LOST IF THEY CAPTURE US WE MIGHT MAKE IT BACK TO PORT YET

THE SAILORS JUMP INTO ACT ON IN RESPONSE TO THE CRISP COMMAND
YO-HO ABOUT SHIP! MAN THE SAILS! MATE, SEE TO THE OARS MEN.

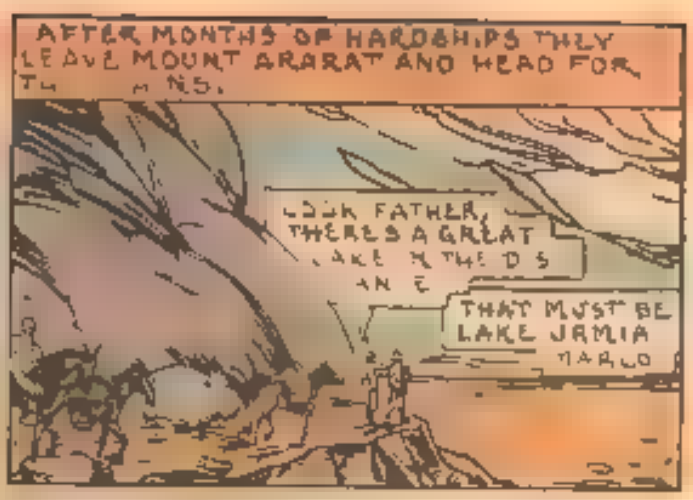
WHILE BELOW DECK THE MATE BELAYS THE ROWERS
BLAST YOUR CARRION HIDES, FULL - FULL HARDER I SAY

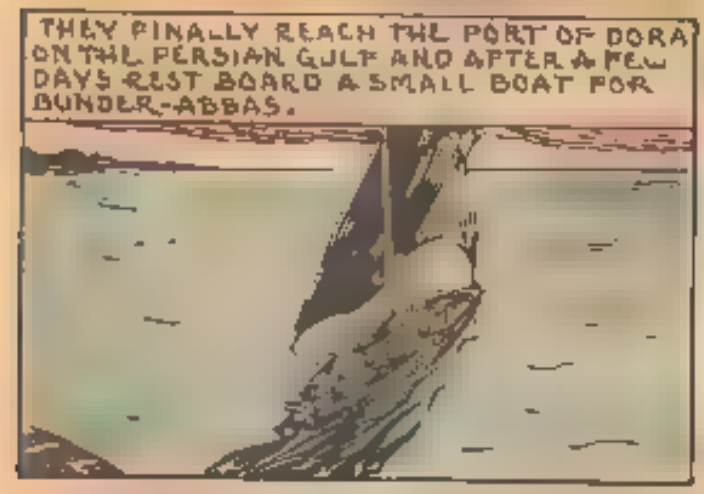
AS THE FLEET DRAWS NEARER THE GALLEY IS SHOWERED WITH MISSILES


BUT GALLANTLY THE LITTLE SHIP STRUGGLES THROUGH INTO THE SAFETY OF THE FORTIFIED HARBOR.

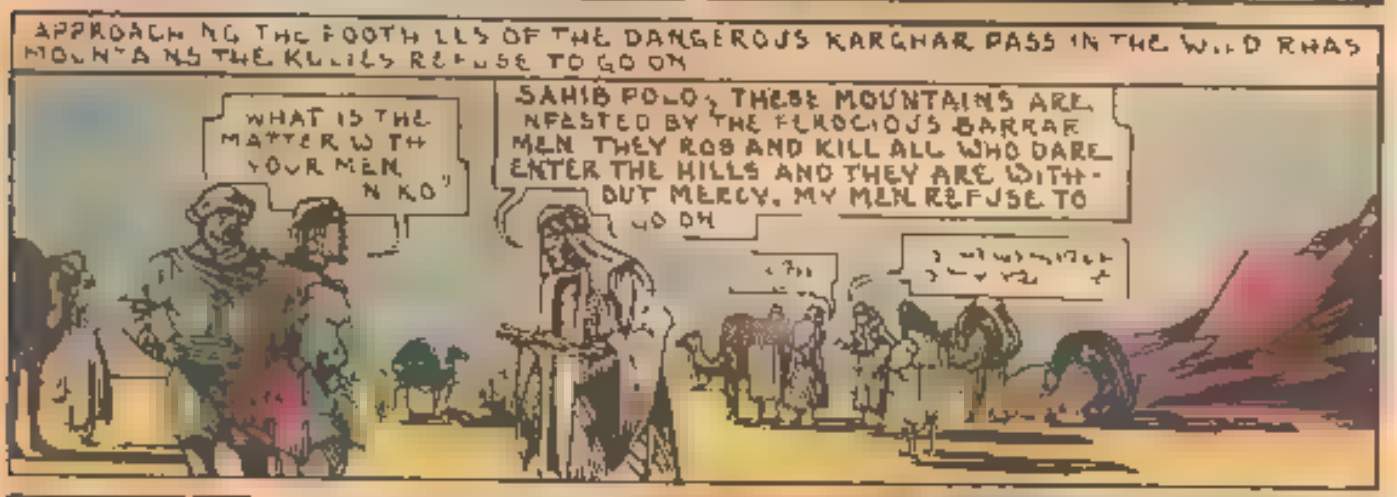
THE POLOS' AGAIN PREPARE TO LEAVE ARMENIA TAKING WITH THEM THE POPE'S LETTERS AND GIFTS TO PRESENT TO THE KHAN.
WE HAD A CLOSE CALL THAT TIME. HOWEVER, WE MUST RESUME OUR JOURNEY.
OH NO'S IGNOR POLO WE DARE NOT CONTINUE AFTER THESE PERILOUS EVENTS.
WE BESEECH YOU TO TURN BACK TOO.
THAT'S UNTHINKABLE WE MUST GO ON
WE CAN TAKE THE POPES MESSAGE TO THE KHAN, OUR SELVES

HEEDLESS OF PERILS AND DIFFICULTIES THE THREE TRAVELERS PUSH ON.


AFTER MONTHS OF HARDSHIPS THEY LEAVE MOUNT ARARAT AND HEAD FOR
LOOK FATHER, THERE'S A GREAT
THAT MUST BE LAKE URMIA
MARCO


THEY FINALLY REACH THE PORT OF DORA ON THE PERSIAN GULF AND AFTER A FEW DAYS REST BOARD A SMALL BOAT FOR BUNDER-ABBAS.

AFTER MUCH BARGAINING THEY SUCCEED IN CHARTERING A SMALL CARAVAN FOR THE INTERIOR.


APPROACHING THE FOOTHILLS OF THE DANGEROUS KARGHAR PASS IN THE WILD KHASI MOUNTAINS THE KULIS REFUSE TO GO ON
WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR MEN NIKO?
SAHIB POLO, THESE MOUNTAINS ARE INFESTED BY THE FEROCIOUS BARRAE MEN. THEY ROB AND KILL ALL WHO DARE ENTER THE HILLS AND THEY ARE WITHOUT MERCY. MY MEN REFUSE TO GO ON.

BUT WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW NIKO, WE'RE
A HANDFUL OF SILVER FOR EVERY MAN WHO STAYS WITH US. DO YOU KNOW THE WAY OF THIS LAND?
MANY YEARS AGO I FOUGHT THESE PEOPLE. I LEARN ALL ABOUT THESE HILLS THEN. HA TRY MAKE MY MEN STAY SAHIB

NIKO SUCCEEDS IN MAKING HIS MEN REMAIN WITH THE EXPEDITION

FROM NIKJS DESERT ON THE FOUR MEN CAREFULLY PLOT THEIR NEXT MOVES

WE MUST DIVIDE OUR PARTY YOU MARCO WITH NIKU AND HALF OUR MEN MUST GAIN THE ROCKS ABOVE THE GORGE WITHOUT BEING SEEN OR A BE OUT

AND THE REST OF US SHALL PROCEED OPENLY FOR THE PASS AND MAY PRO- DEN E A

MY MEN WILL FIGHT IF THEY HAVE TO SAHIB

UNDER COVER OF NIGHT MARCO N THEIR MEN CREEP CAUTIOUSLY AHEAD FOR THE UPPER ROCKS

WHILE AT DAYBREAK THE ELDER MEN WITH THEIR TRAIN START FOR THE DANGEROUS PASS

TH PARTY ONE NARROW PASS SCARCELY WIDE ENO THROUGH, IN SINGLE FILE THEY ENTER THE TRAP.

LOOK SAHIBS THERE'S A HORSEMAN IN BACK OF US. THEY'VE SEEN US.

ARE ALARM

THE PASS

P PART

AS THEY APPROACH THE OTHER END OF THE BOWL A BAND OF HOWLING SAVAGES POUR DOWN ON THEM

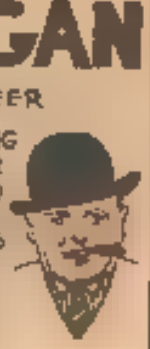
BUT UP ABOVE YOUNG MARCO AND HIS MEN WITH A SPLIT SECOND TO GO SWING INTO ACTION THEY LOOSE A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF BOULDERS ONTO THE BANDITS BELOW.

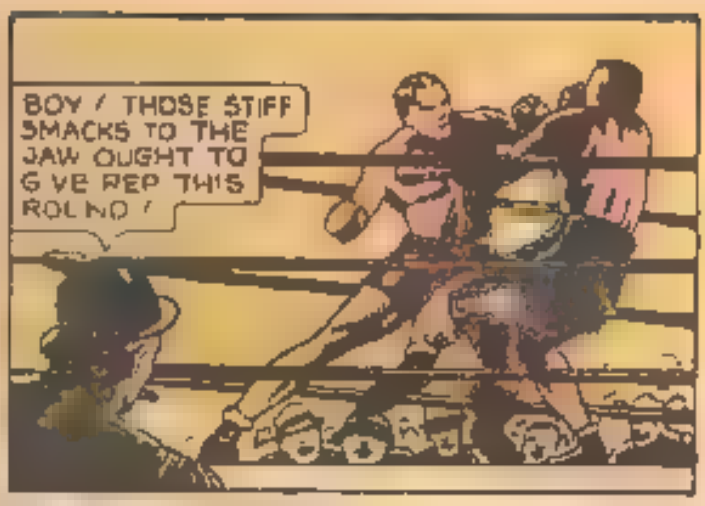
CONTINUED

"PEP" MORGAN

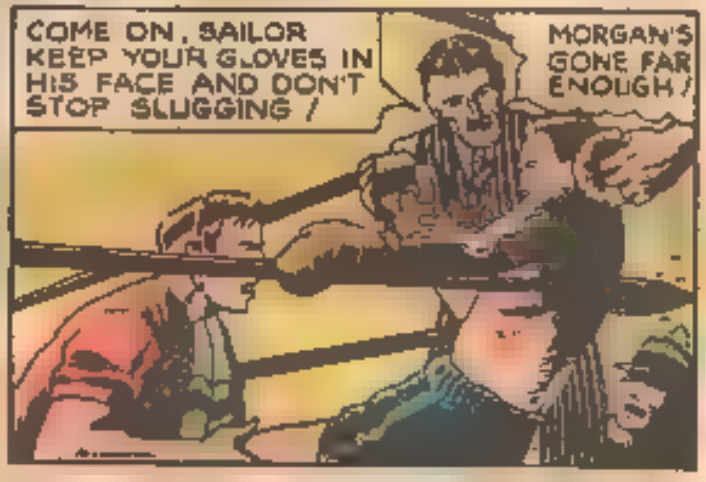
by FRED GUARDINEER

PEP MORGAN, VERSATILE YOUNG ATHLETE IS FIGHTING SAILOR SORENSON FOR THE COVETED LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP. POP BURKETT, PEP'S TRAINER AND PAL, SITS IN THE FIGHTER'S CORNER. SAILOR IS MANAGED BY THE UNSCRUPULOUS DOC LOWRY

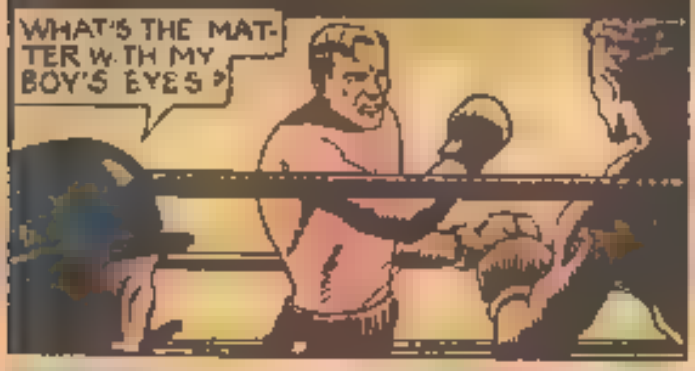




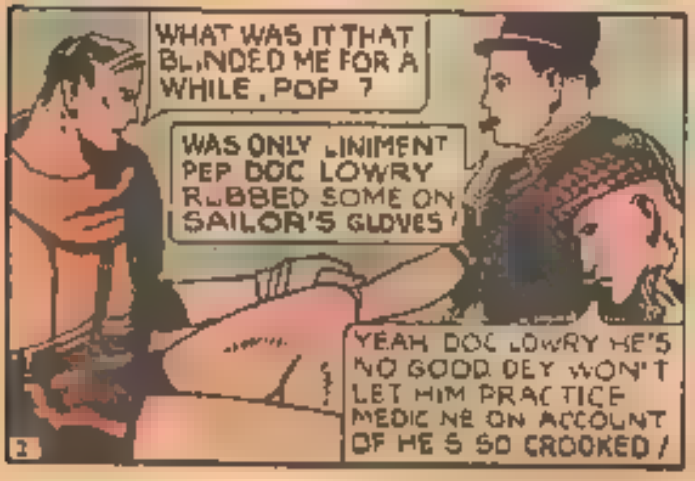
THE BELL SAVES SAILOR SORENSON FROM BEING KNOCKED OUT!



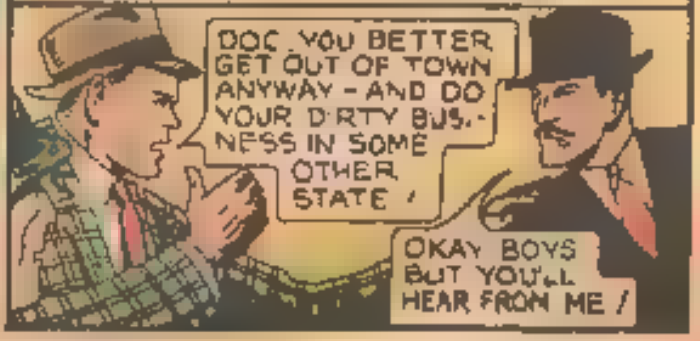
IN THE NEXT ROUND PEP APPEARS TO BE BLINDED AND WILDLY THROWS PUNCHES IN DESPERATION...

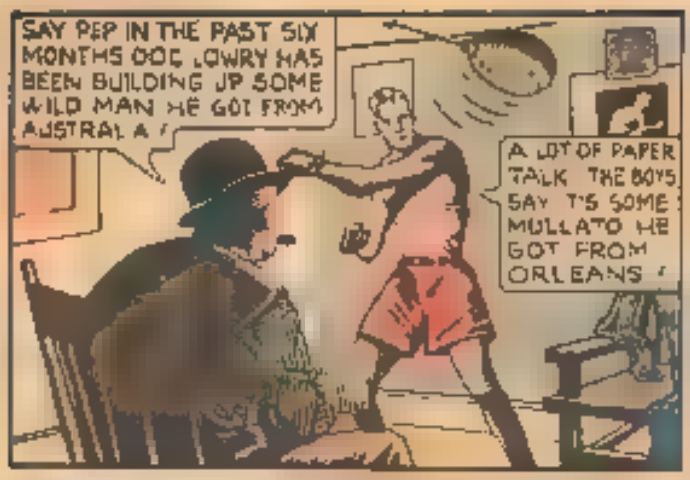


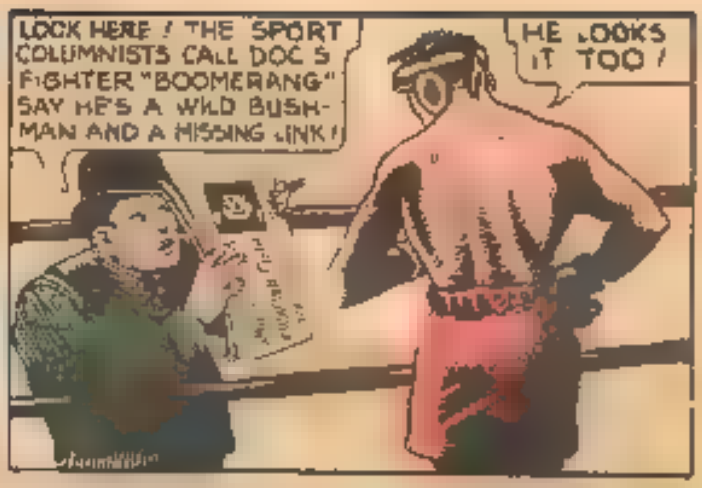
HOWEVER ONE OF HIS MAD BLOWS FINDS FLESH AND BONE. SAILOR IS KNOCKED OUT FOR THE COUNT!

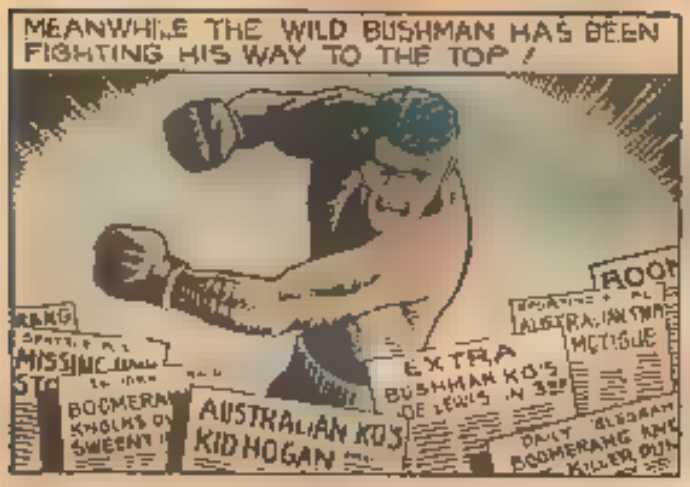


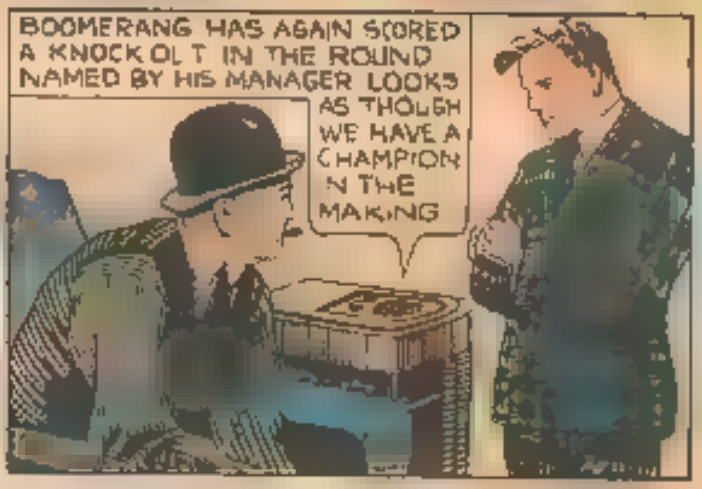
THE BOXING COMMISSION HOLDS AN INVESTIGATION BUT CAN PROVE NOTHING. DOC LOWRY CLAIMS THE SECOND HAD MIXED THE BOTTLES BY MISTAKE

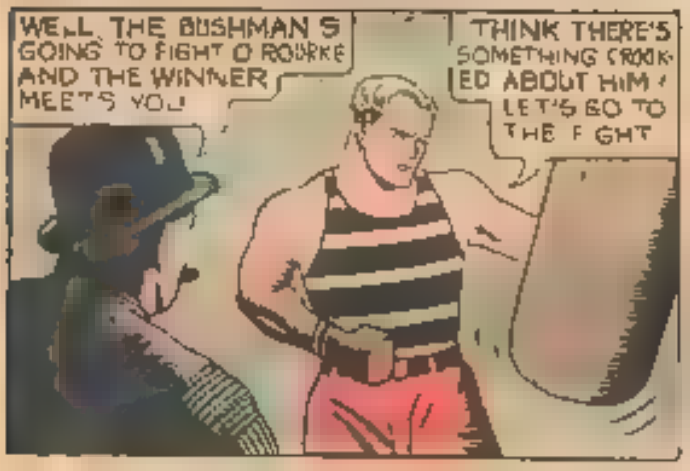



SAY PEP IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS DOC LOWRY HAS BEEN BUILDING UP SOME WILD MAN HE GOT FROM AUSTRALIA !
A LOT OF PAPER TALK THE BOYS SAY IT'S SOME MULLATO HE GOT FROM ORLEANS !

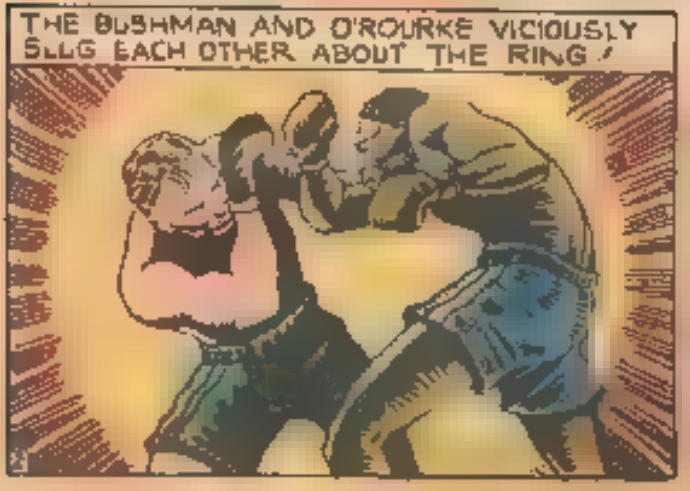

LOOK HERE ! THE SPORT COLUMNISTS CALL DOC'S FIGHTER "BOOMERANG" SAY HE'S A WILD BUSHMAN AND A MISSING LINK !
HE LOOKS IT TOO !


MEANWHILE THE WILD BUSHMAN HAS BEEN FIGHTING HIS WAY TO THE TOP !
EXTRA
BUSHMAN KO'S DE LEWIS IN 3RD
AUSTRALIAN KO'S KID HOGAN

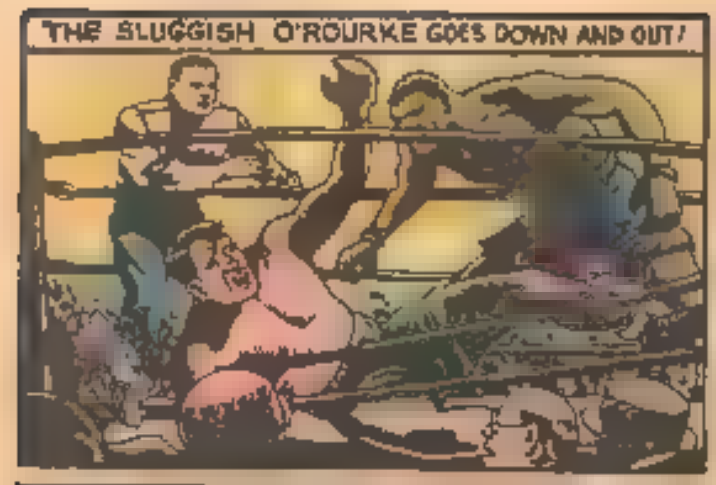

BOOMERANG HAS AGAIN SCORED A KNOCKOUT IN THE ROUND NAMED BY HIS MANAGER LOOKS AS THOUGH WE HAVE A CHAMPION IN THE MAKING

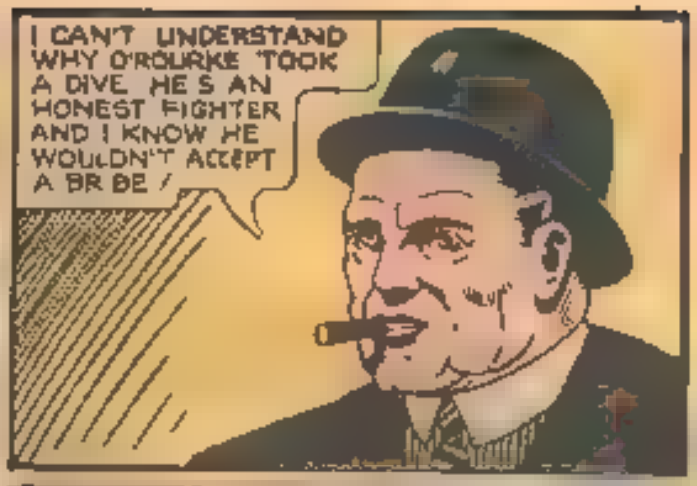

WELL, THE BUSHMAN'S GOING TO FIGHT O'ROURKE AND THE WINNER MEETS YOU !
THINK THERE'S SOMETHING CROOKED ABOUT HIM ! LET'S GO TO THE FIGHT

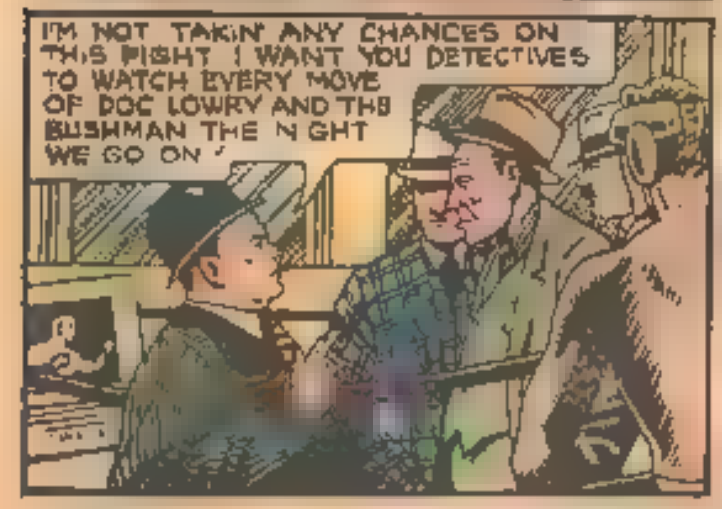
BOOMERANG'S MAKIN' O'ROURKE WAIT TRYIN'


THE BUSHMAN AND O'ROURKE VICIOUSLY SLUG EACH OTHER ABOUT THE RING !

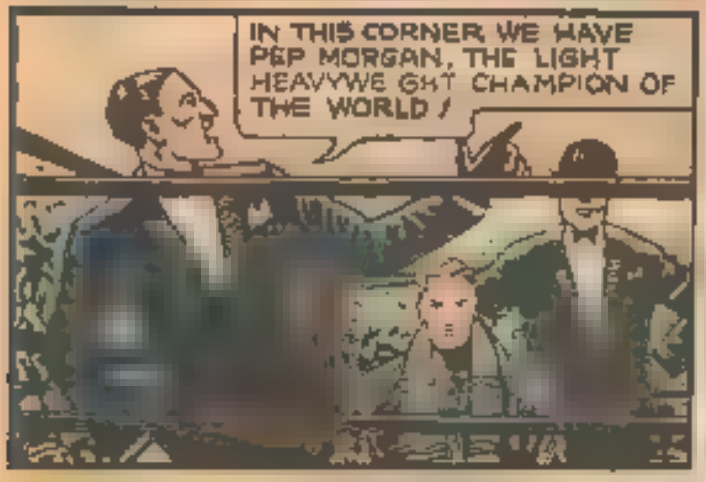
WELL ! LOOK AT THAT O'ROURKE'S SLOWING UP !
SURE ENOUGH HE'S GETTING GROGGY !

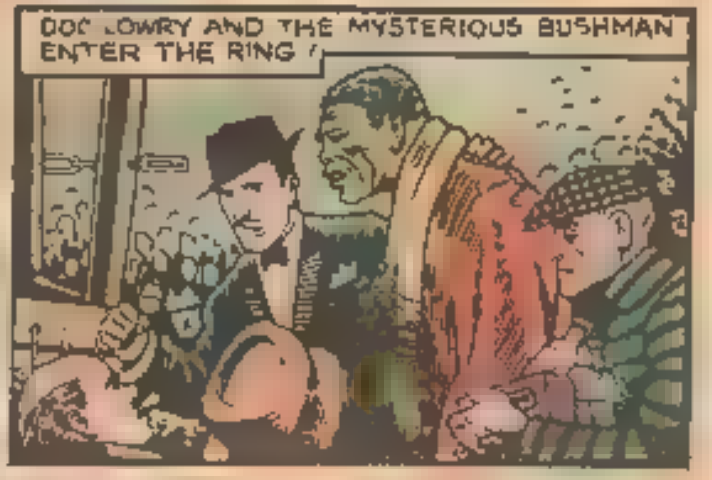

THE SLUGGISH O'ROURKE GOES DOWN AND OUT!

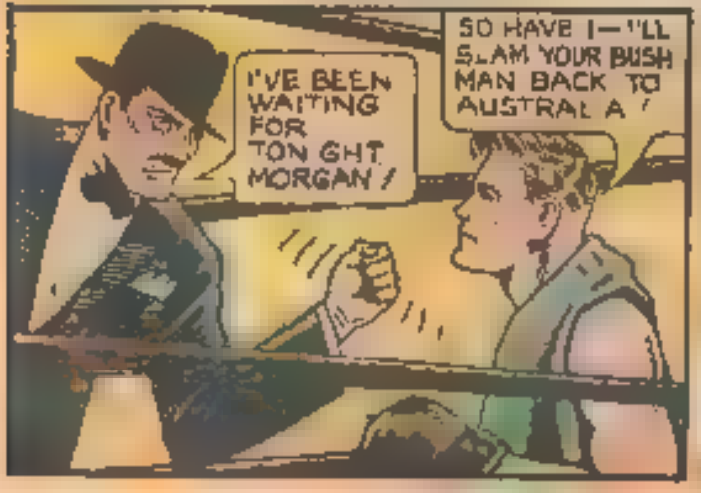

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY O'ROURKE TOOK A DIVE. HE'S AN HONEST FIGHTER AND I KNOW HE WOULDN'T ACCEPT A BRIBE!

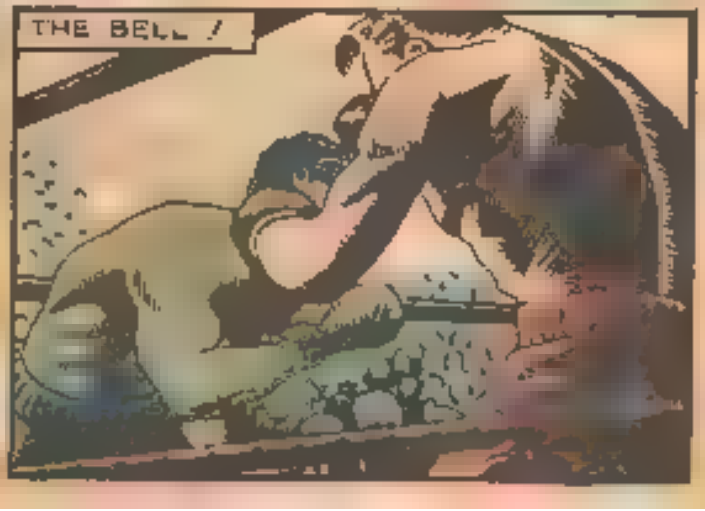

I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES ON THIS FIGHT! I WANT YOU DETECTIVES TO WATCH EVERY MOVE OF DOC LOWRY AND THE BUSHMAN THE NIGHT WE GO ON!

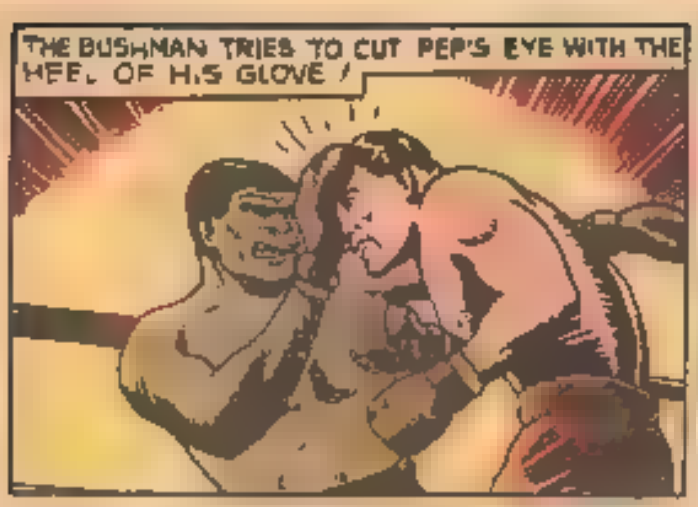
BUY YOUR PROGRAMS, READ ABOUT THE FIGHTERS!

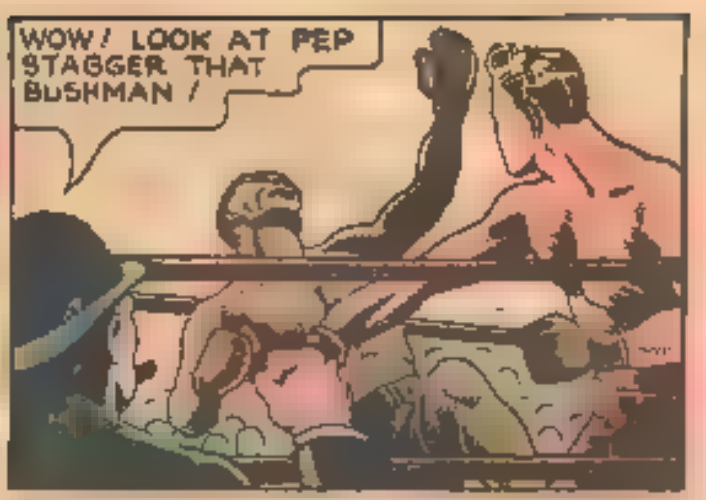

IN THIS CORNER WE HAVE PEP MORGAN, THE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

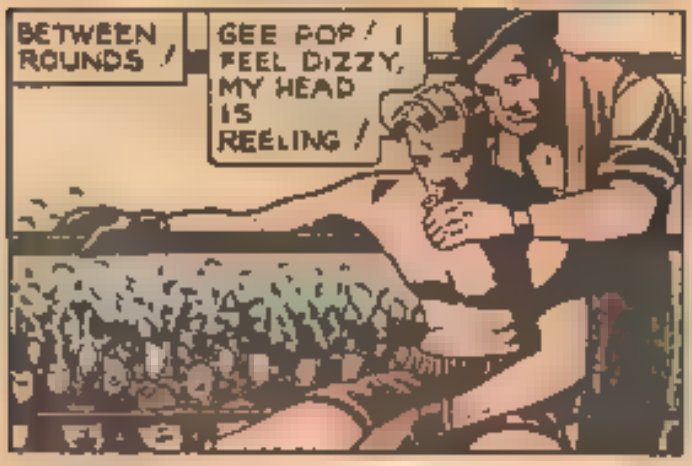

DOC LOWRY AND THE MYSTERIOUS BUSHMAN ENTER THE RING!

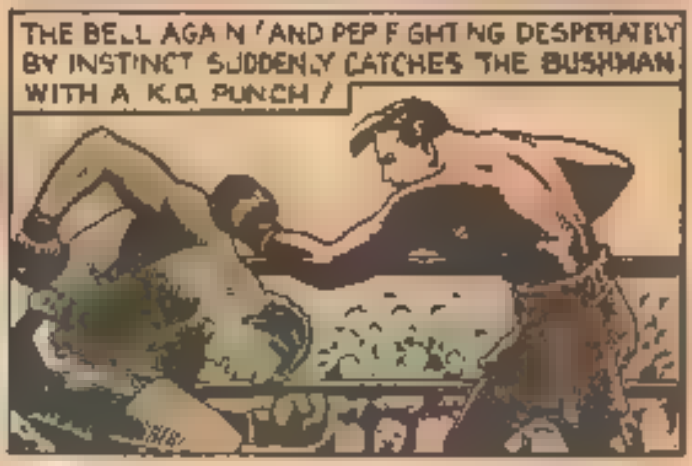

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR TONIGHT, MORGAN!
SO HAVE I—I'LL SLAM YOUR BUSHMAN BACK TO AUSTRALIA!

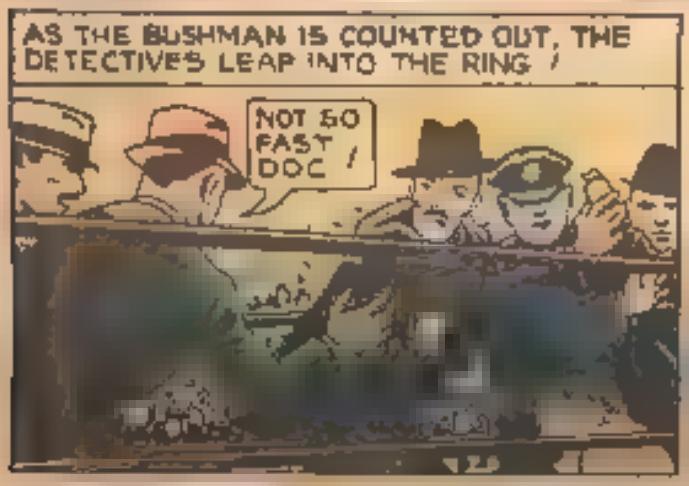

THE BELL!

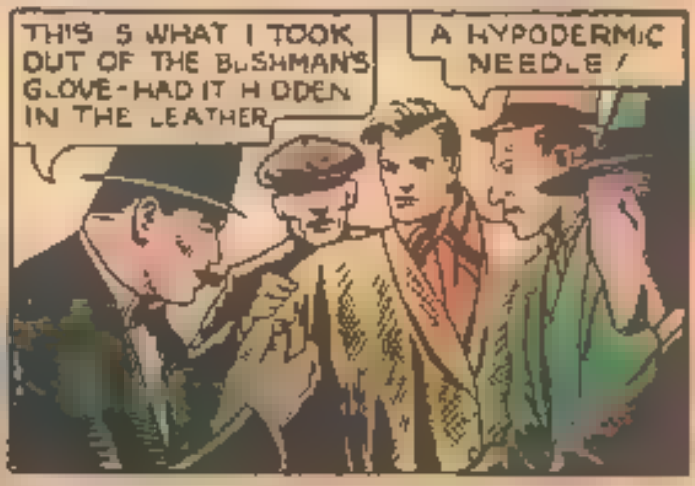

THE BUSHMAN TRIES TO CUT PEP'S EYE WITH THE HEEL OF HIS GLOVE !

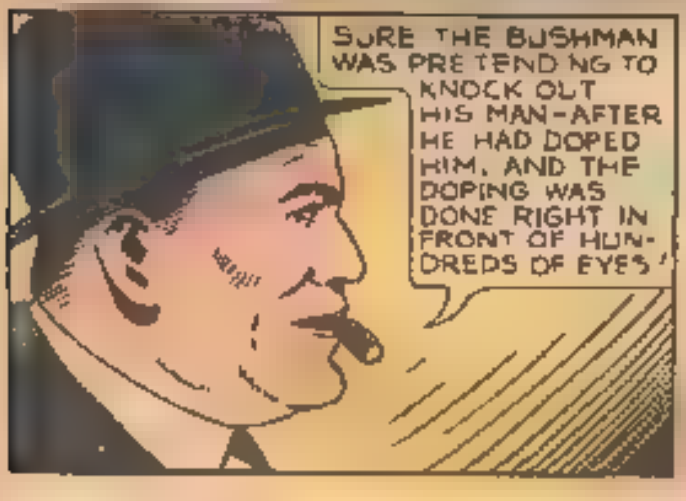

WOW ! LOOK AT PEP STAGGER THAT BUSHMAN !

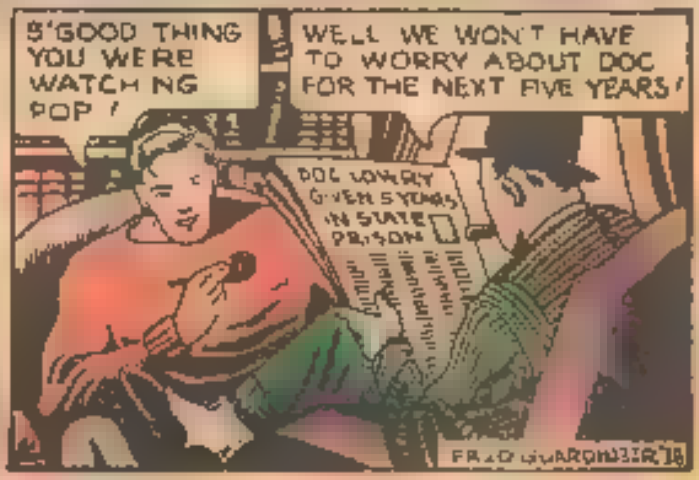

BETWEEN ROUNDS !
GEE POP ! I FEEL DIZZY, MY HEAD IS REELING !


THE BELL AGAIN ! AND PEP FIGHTING DESPERATELY BY INSTINCT SUDDENLY CATCHES THE BUSHMAN WITH A K.O. PUNCH !


AS THE BUSHMAN IS COUNTED OUT, THE DETECTIVES LEAP INTO THE RING !
NOT SO FAST DOC !


THIS IS WHAT I TOOK OUT OF THE BUSHMAN'S GLOVE - HAD IT HIDDEN IN THE LEATHER
A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE !


SURE THE BUSHMAN WAS PRETENDING TO KNOCK OUT HIS MAN - AFTER HE HAD DOPED HIM, AND THE DOPING WAS DONE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HUNDREDS OF EYES !

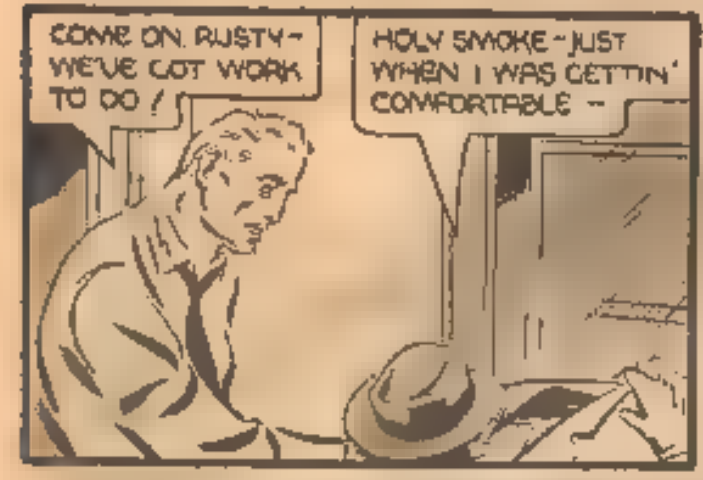

IS GOOD THING YOU WERE WATCHING POP !
WELL WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DOC FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS !
DOC LONGLY GIVEN 5 YEARS IN STATE PRISON

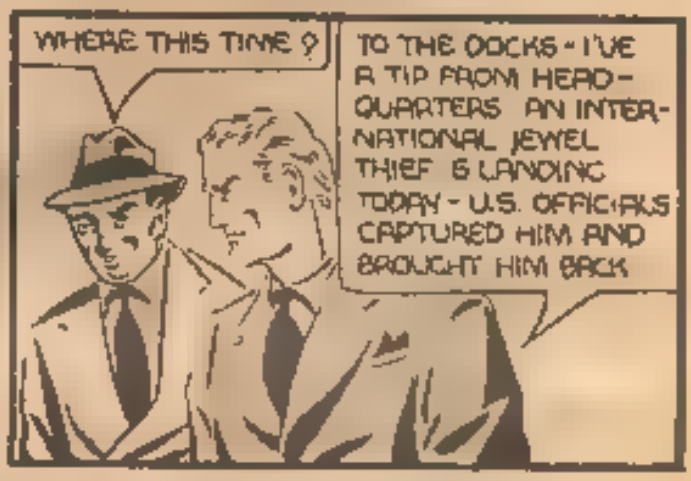
SCOOP SCANLON

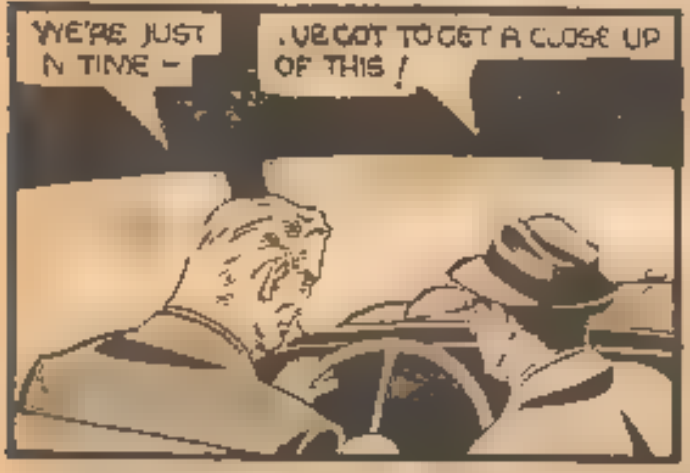
FIVE STAR REPORTER

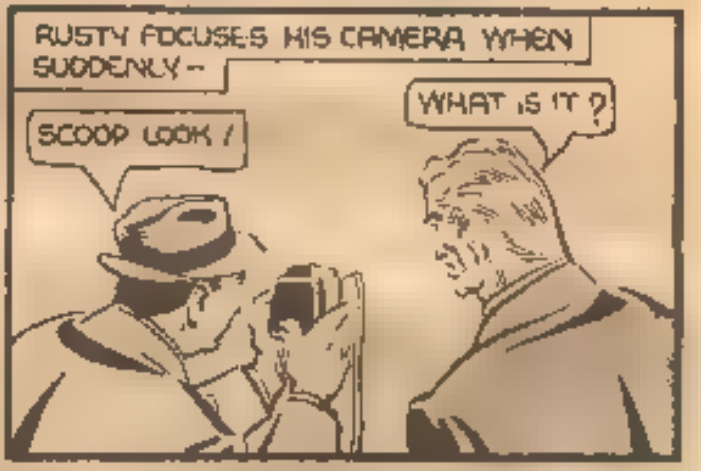
by Will Ely

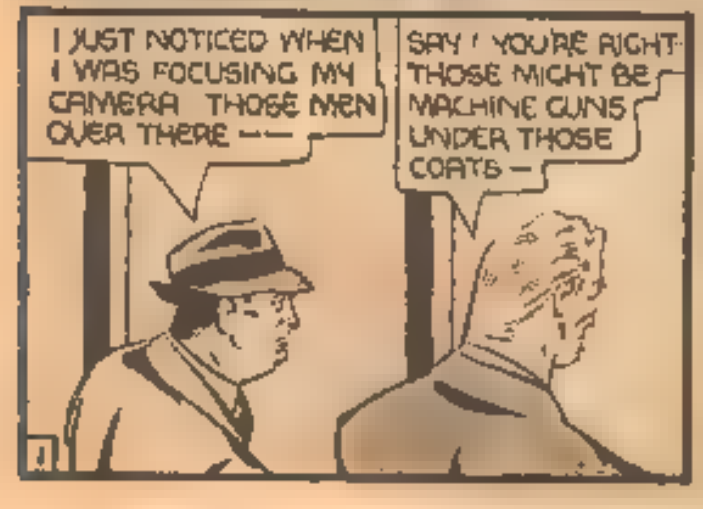
SCOOP SCANLON, ACE REPORTER OF THE BULLETIN, ROUSES HIS SLEEPY-EYED PAL AND PHOTOGRAPHER, RUSTY JAMES, AND PLANS TO GO INTO ACTION ——

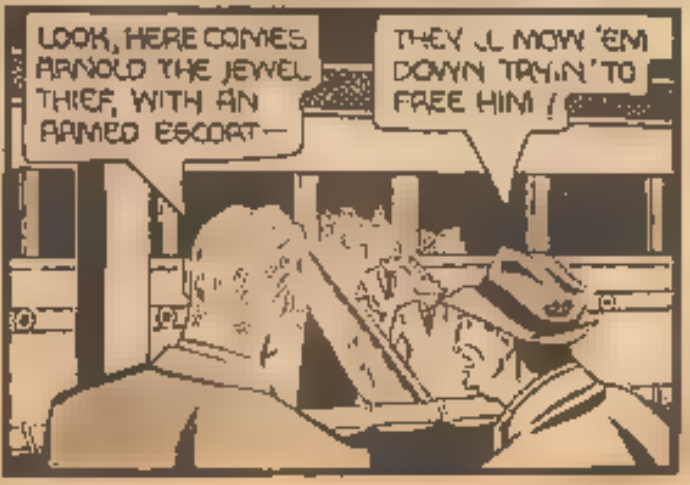


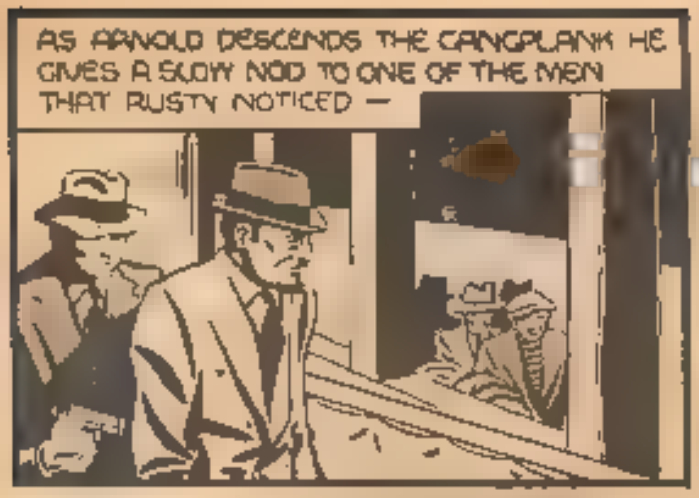










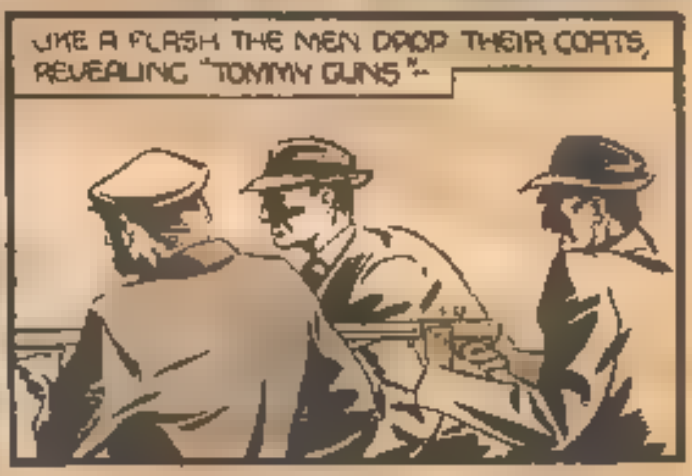

AS ARNOLD DESCENDS THE GANGPLANK HE GIVES A SLOW NOD TO ONE OF THE MEN THAT RUSTY NOTICED —

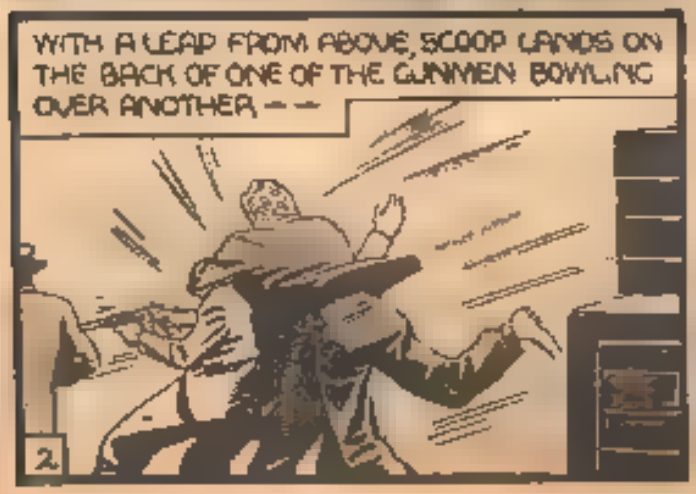
THE GUARDS LEAD HIM TO A WAITING CAR—

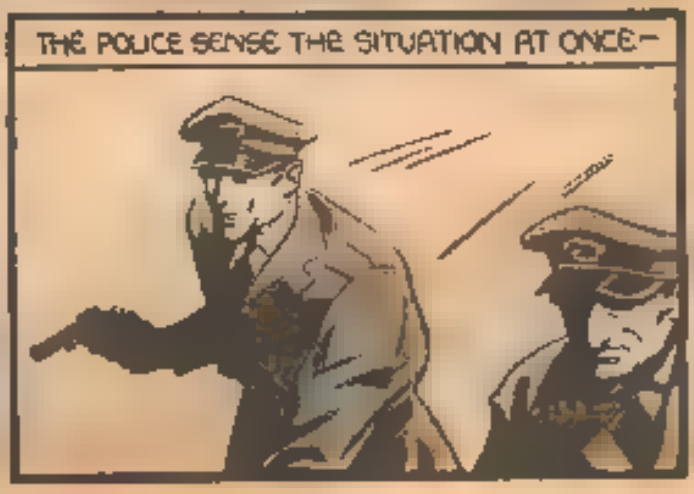
THE MEN WITH COATS FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE —

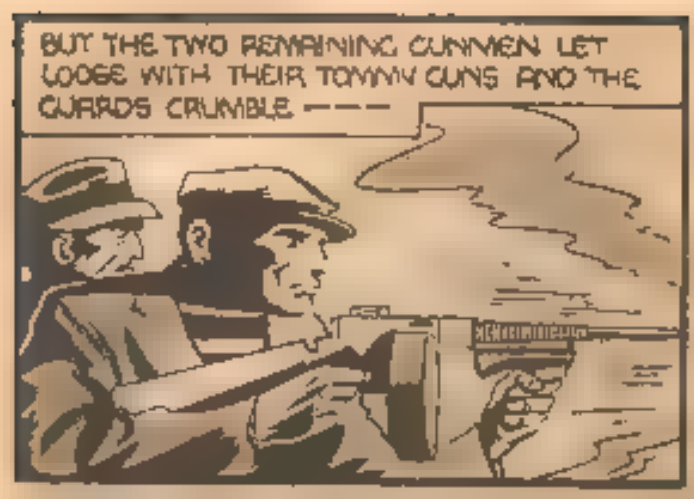
RUSTY, YELL FOR COPS - WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THIS UP!

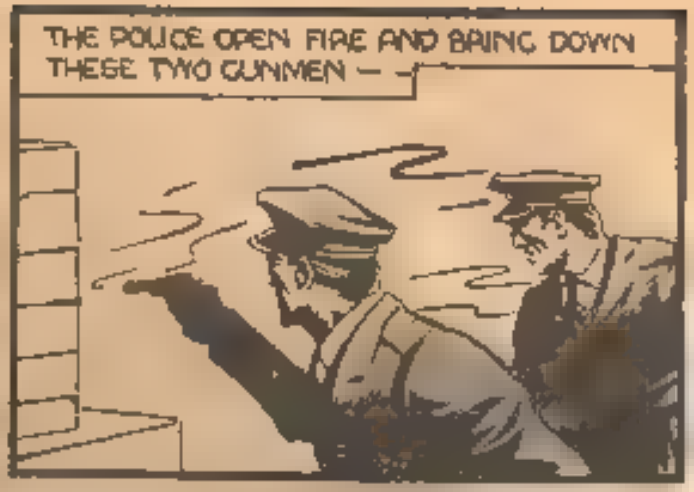
AS ARNOLD IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE CAR SUDDENLY HE FALLS FLAT

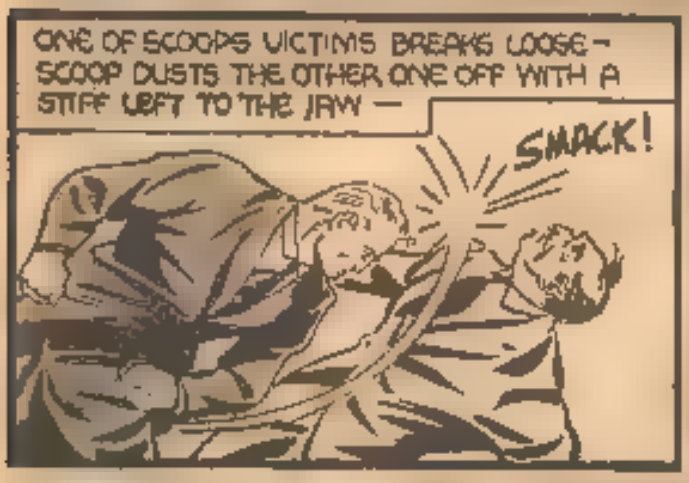

LIKE A FLASH THE MEN DROP THEIR COATS, REVEALING "TOMMY GUNS"—


WITH A LEAP FROM ABOVE, SCOOP LANDS ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE GUNMEN BOWLING OVER ANOTHER — —
2

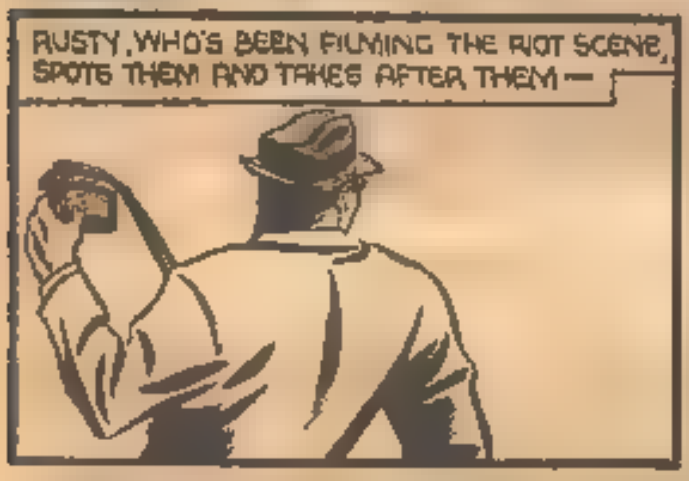

THE POLICE SENSE THE SITUATION AT ONCE—


BUT THE TWO REMAINING GUNMEN LET LOOSE WITH THEIR TOMMY GUNS AND THE GUARDS CRUMBLE ---

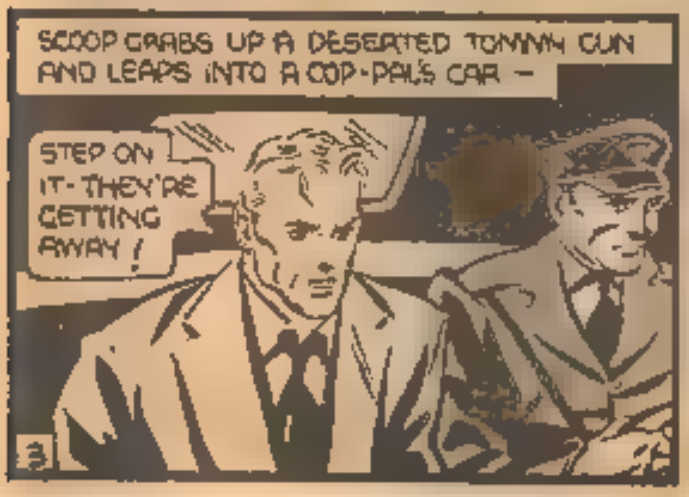

THE POLICE OPEN FIRE AND BRING DOWN THESE TWO GUNMEN --

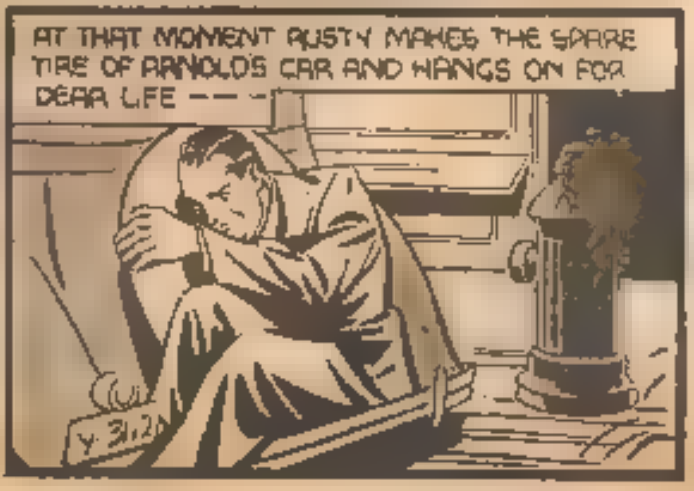

ONE OF SCOOPS VICTIMS BREAKS LOOSE - SCOOP DUSTS THE OTHER ONE OFF WITH A STIFF LEFT TO THE JAW —
SMACK!

ARNOLD AND THE OTHER CROOK MAKE FOR A POWERFUL CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET—

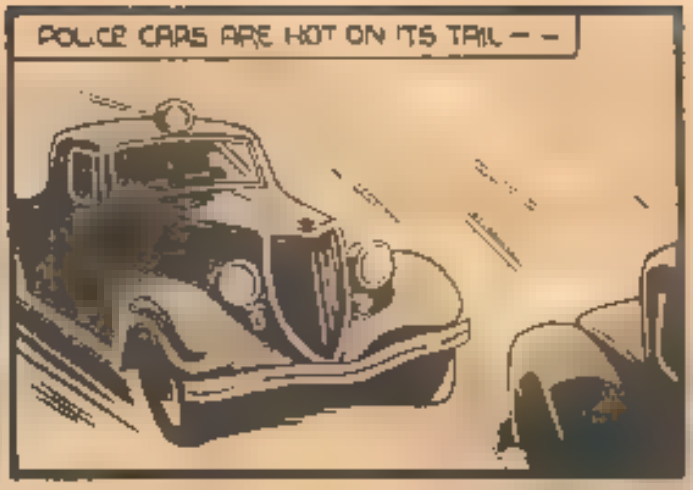

RUSTY, WHO'S BEEN FILMING THE RIOT SCENE, SPOTS THEM AND TAKES AFTER THEM —

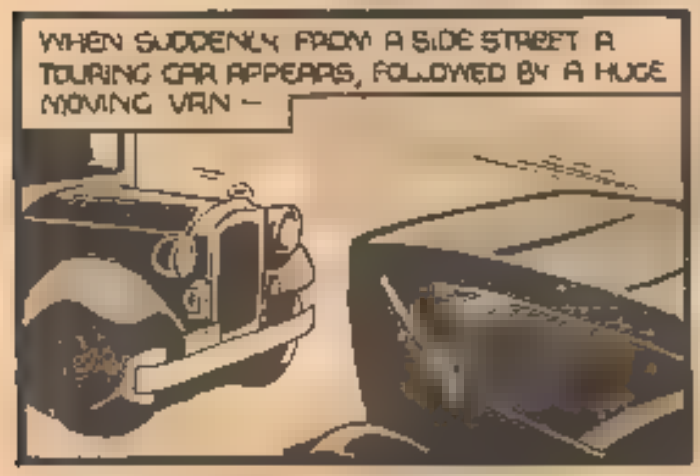
THE POLICE RACE TO THEIR CARS TO TAKE UP THE CHASE --

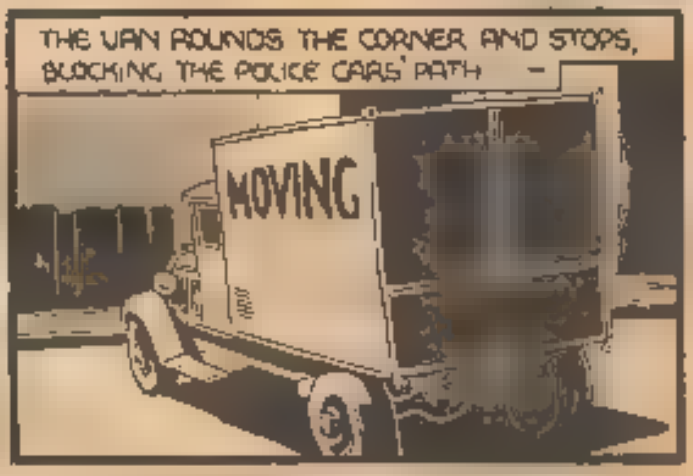

SCOOP GRABS UP A DESERTED TOMMY GUN AND LEAPS INTO A COP-PAL'S CAR —
STEP ON IT - THEY'RE GETTING AWAY !
3

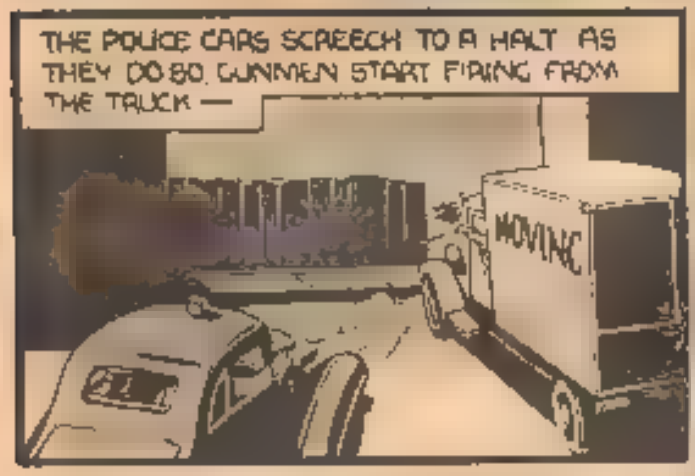

AT THAT MOMENT RUSTY MAKES THE SPARE TIRE OF ARNOLD'S CAR AND HANGS ON FOR DEAR LIFE --

THE CAR DASHES UP THE STREET WITH ITS UNWELCOME PASSENGER –

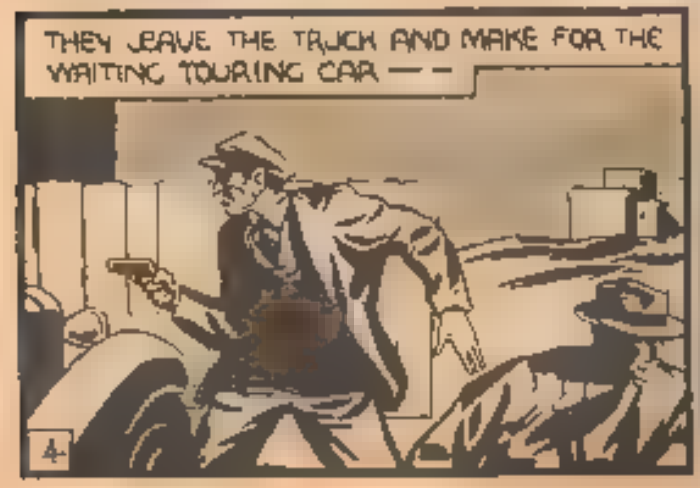

POLICE CARS ARE HOT ON ITS TRAIL – –

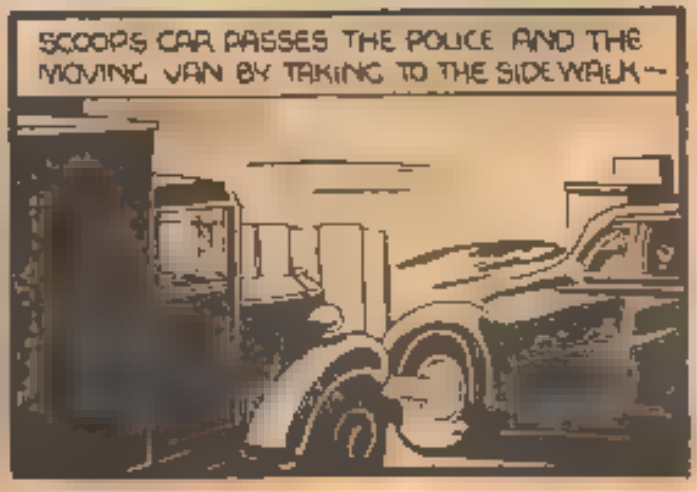

WHEN SUDDENLY FROM A SIDE STREET A TOURING CAR APPEARS, FOLLOWED BY A HUGE MOVING VAN –

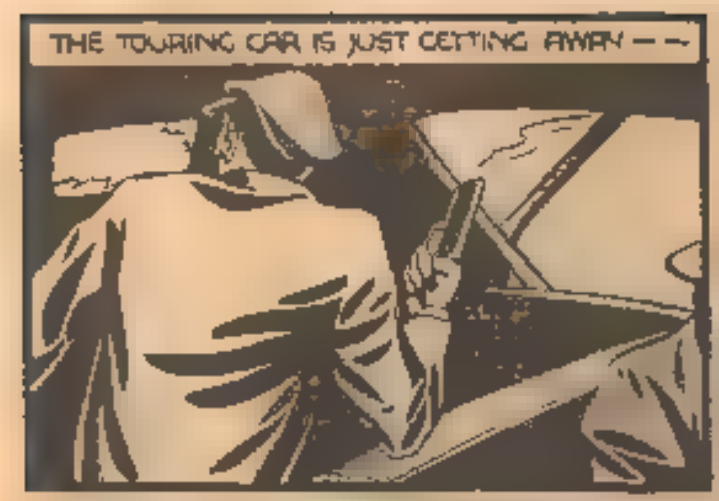

THE VAN ROUNDS THE CORNER AND STOPS, BLOCKING THE POLICE CARS' PATH –
MOVING

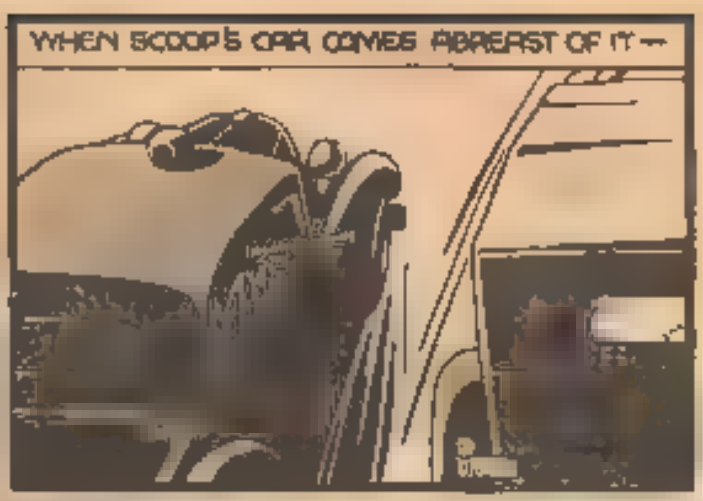

THE POLICE CARS SCREECH TO A HALT AS THEY DO SO, GUNMEN START FIRING FROM THE TRUCK —
MOVING

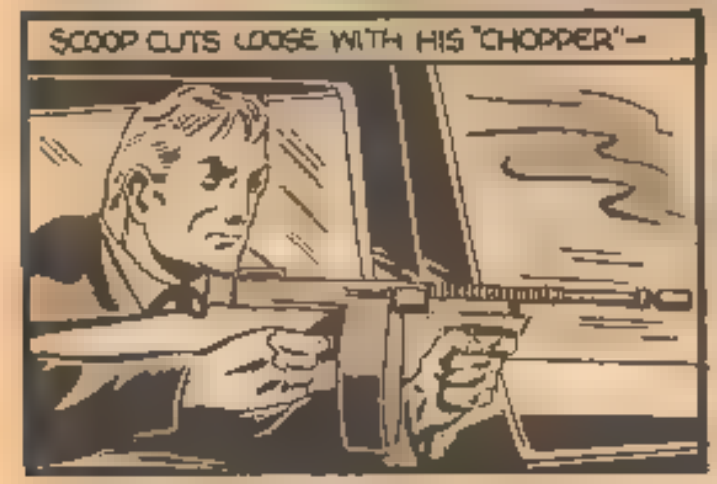
THE POLICE RETURN THEIR FIRE, AND IT'S TOO HOT FOR THE GUNMEN

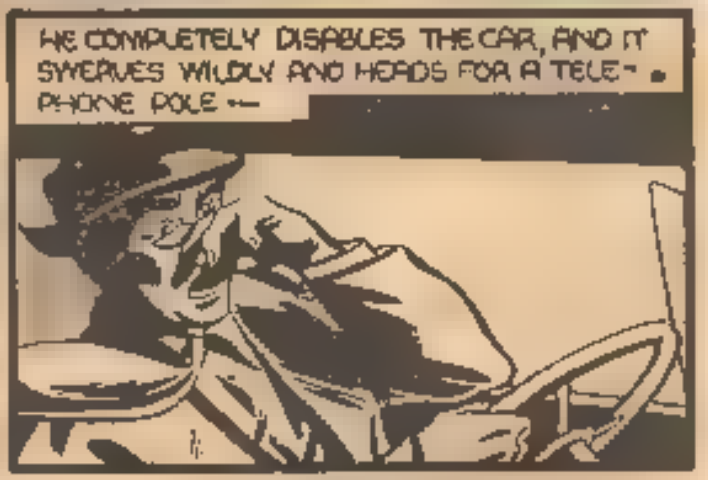

THEY LEAVE THE TRUCK AND MAKE FOR THE WAITING TOURING CAR – –

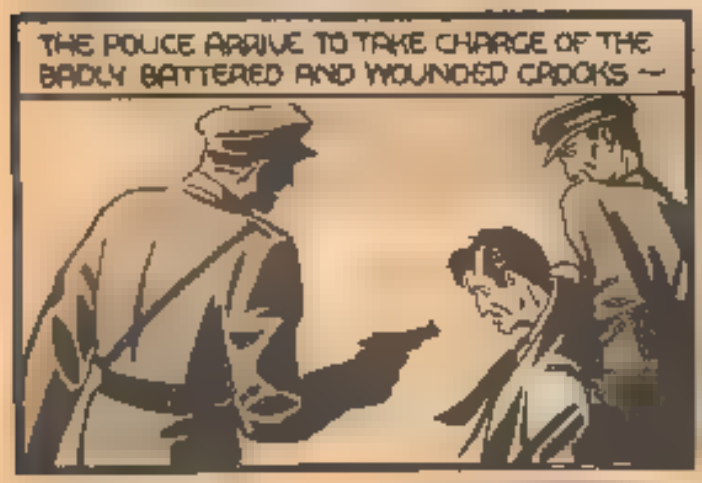

SCOOPS CAR PASSES THE POLICE AND THE MOVING VAN BY TAKING TO THE SIDEWALK –

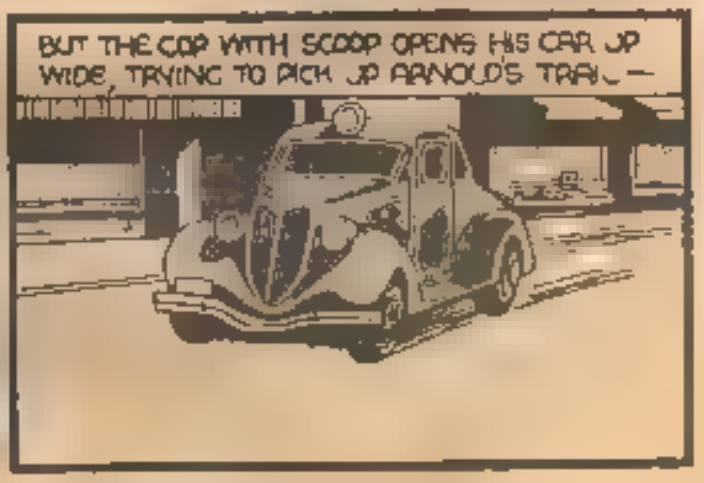

THE TOURING CAR IS JUST GETTING AWAY — —


WHEN SCOOP'S CAR COMES ABREAST OF IT —


SCOOP CUTS LOOSE WITH HIS "CHOPPER" —

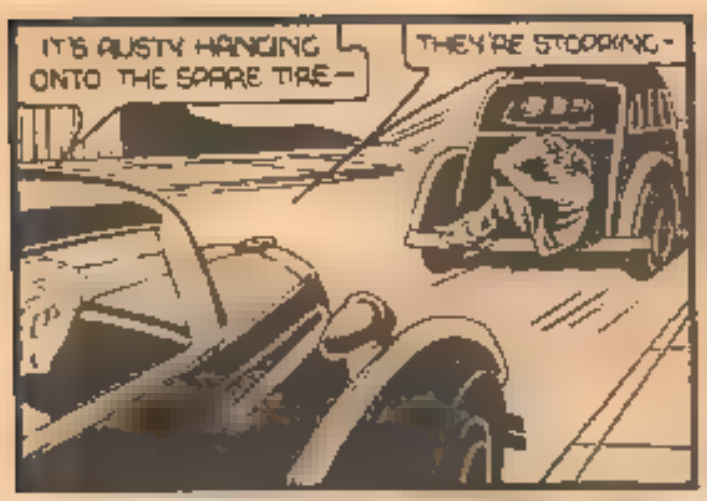

HE COMPLETELY DISABLES THE CAR, AND IT SWERVES WILDLY AND HEADS FOR A TELE- PHONE POLE —


THE POLICE ARRIVE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE BADLY BATTERED AND WOUNDED CROOKS —


BUT THE COP WITH SCOOP OPENS HIS CAR UP WIDE, TRYING TO PICK UP ARNOLD'S TRAIL —

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE CAR AHEAD
5

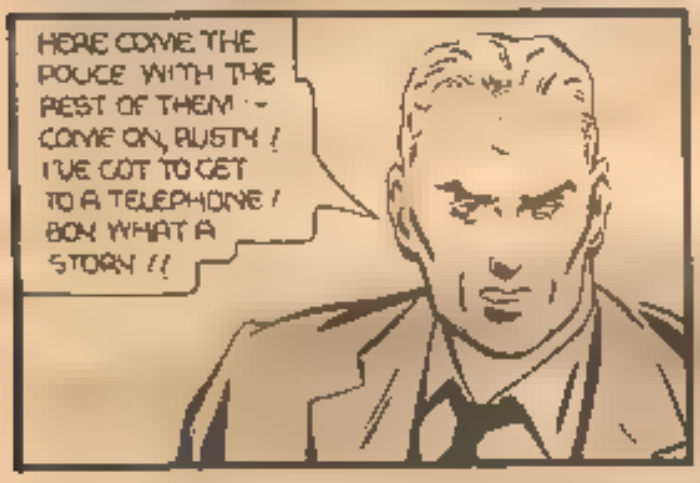
YEAH AND WHAT THE -- ?


IT'S RUSTY HANGING ONTO THE SPARE TIRE—
THEY'RE STOPPING—

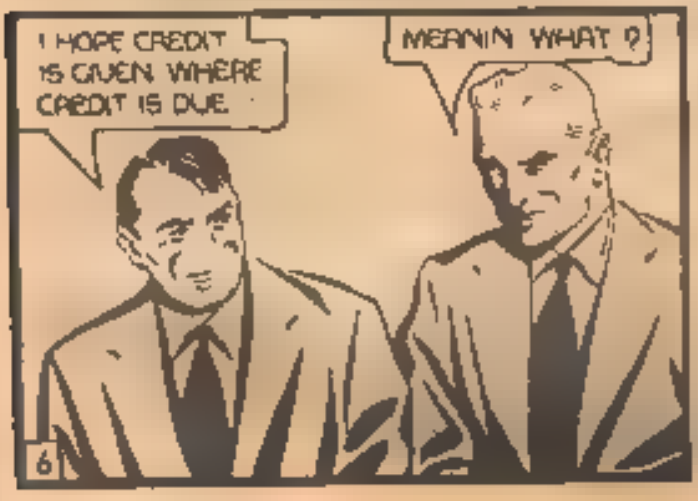
PULL OVER—WE'LL CUT 'EM OFF
THEY'RE GOING TO SURRENDER —

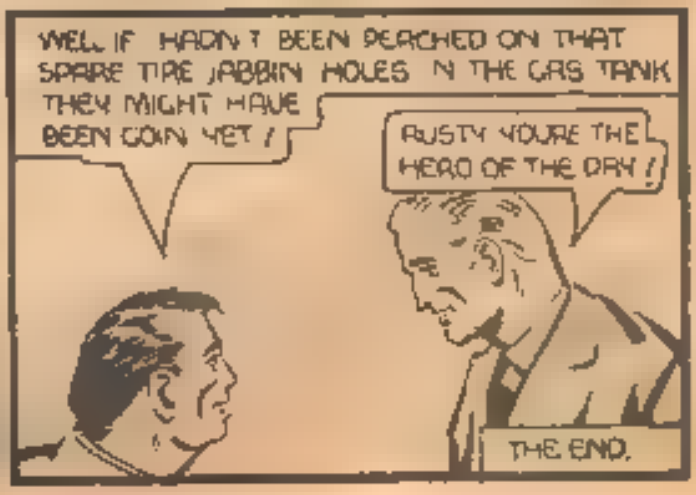
KEEP 'EM UP YOU TWO, OR I'LL MAKE THIS LITTLE "TYPEWRITER TALK !
STICK OUT YER DUKES !

WELL, ARNOLD. ALL THAT BREAK DID FOR YOU WAS TO GUARANTEE YOU THE CHAIR AND BRING ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF YOUR GANG —
HOLD IT HOLD IT— THAT'S IT — —


HERE COME THE POLICE WITH THE REST OF THEM — COME ON, RUSTY ! I'VE GOT TO GET TO A TELEPHONE ! BOY, WHAT A STORY !!

HEY SCOOP —
YEAH ?


I HOPE CREDIT IS GIVEN WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.
MEANIN' WHAT ?

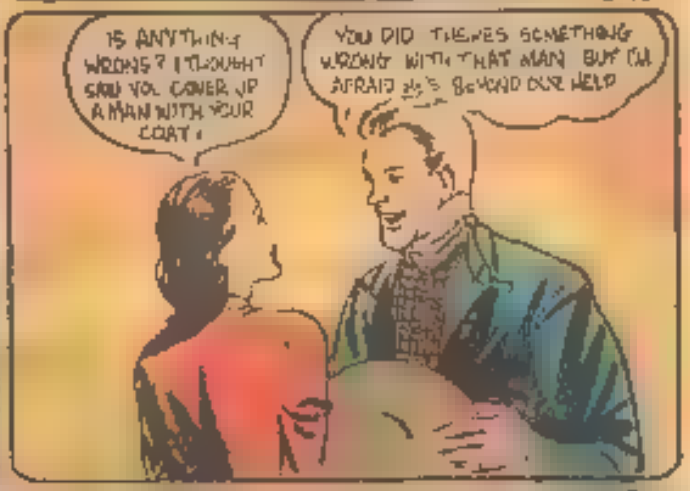

WELL IF I HADN'T BEEN PERCHED ON THAT SPARE TIRE JABBIN' HOLES IN THE GAS TANK THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN GOIN' YET !
RUSTY YOU'RE THE HERO OF THE DAY !
THE END.

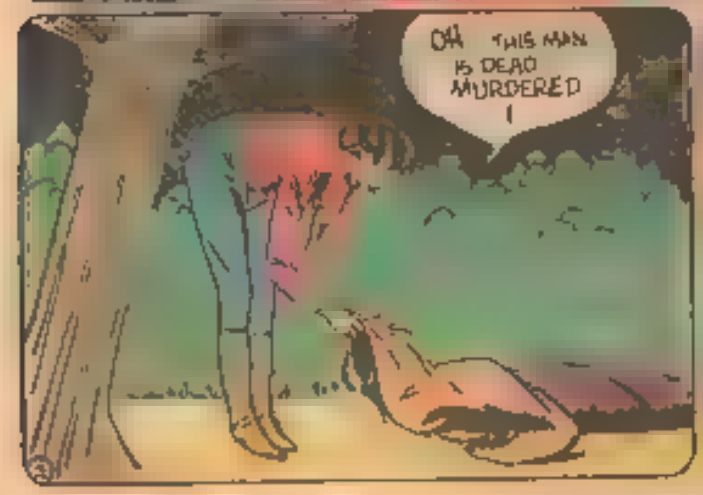
TEX THOMSON

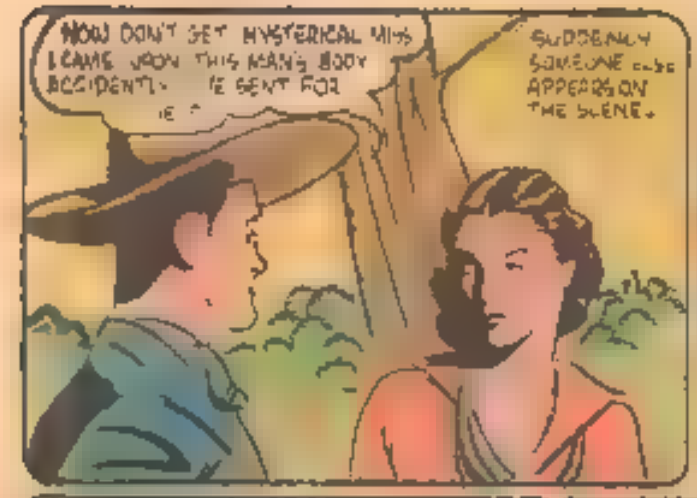
BY BERNARD BAILY

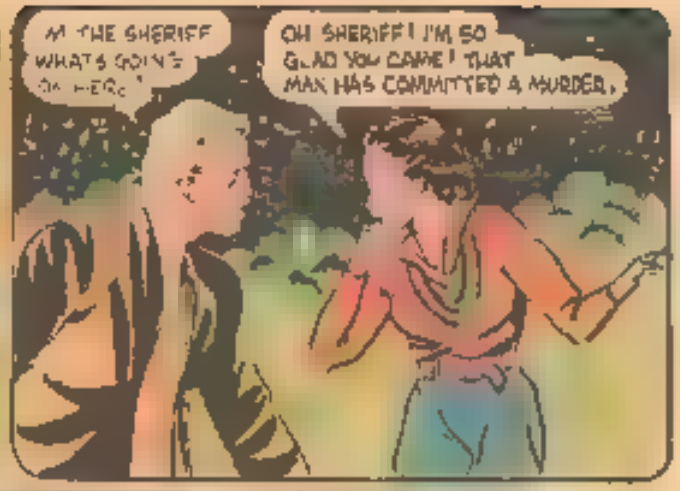
COVERING THE BODY WITH HIS COAT TEX TURNS TO YOUNG BOB AND DISCUSSES THE SITUATION

FURTHER UP IN THE HILLS THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL IS SEEN WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE TWO BELOW A KNOWING SMILE ON HER FACE

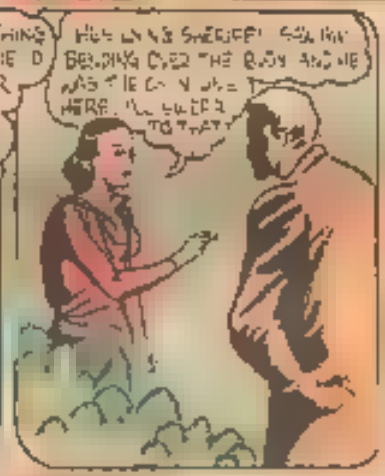




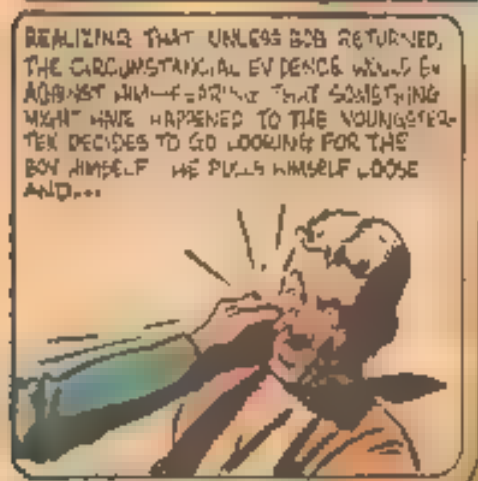

NOW DON'T GET HYSTERICAL MISS I CAME UPON THIS MAN'S BODY ACCIDENTLY. HE SENT FOR
SUDDENLY SOMEONE ELSE APPEARS ON THE SCENE.


AH THE SHERIFF WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
OH SHERIFF! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! THAT MAN HAS COMMITTED A MURDER.

THAT'S A PRETTY SERIOUS CHARGE MISS. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF
WHY THE WHOLE THING IS RIDICULOUS. MY FRIEND IS ON HIS WAY TO YOUR OFFICE RIGHT NOW. I'LL ONLY TO WATCH THE BODY

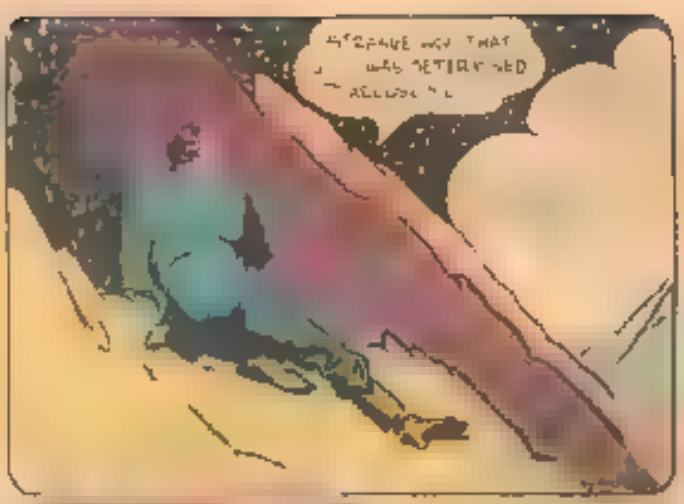

HELLO THERE SHERIFF! SOMEONE BEEN LOOKING OVER THE BODY AND HE WAS THE ONLY ONE HERE. I'LL SWEAR TO THAT!

I'M SORRY SON BUT I'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU ON SUSPICION OF MURDER.


REALIZING THAT UNLESS BOB RETURNED, THE CIRCUMSTANCIAL EVIDENCE WOULD BE AGAINST HIM—FEARING THAT SOMETHING MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO THE YOUNGSTER TEK DECIDES TO GO LOOKING FOR THE BOY HIMSELF. HE PULLS HIMSELF LOOSE AND...

YOU-YOU-MURDERER! YOU'VE PROBABLY KILLED THIS MAN TOO!
DON'T WORRY MISS HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A LITTLE WHILE. APOLOGIZE TO THE SHERIFF FOR MY DEPUTY'S

THINGS CERTAINLY HAVE A PENDULUM
A LITTLE WHILE AGO ARE BOUND NOW IN THE MIDST OF A MURDER!


STRANGE HOW THAT WAS DETERMINED

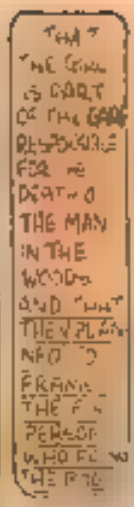
SUDDENLY, TEX SEES HER WALKING IN THE VALLEY BELOW!
I'M THERE! I'LL WONDER IF SHE HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS LITTLE MYSTERY

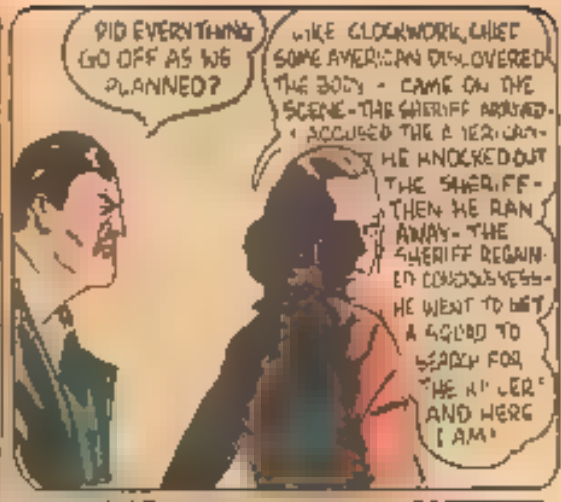
A SATISFIED SMILE WAS EVIDENT ON THE GIRL'S FACE.

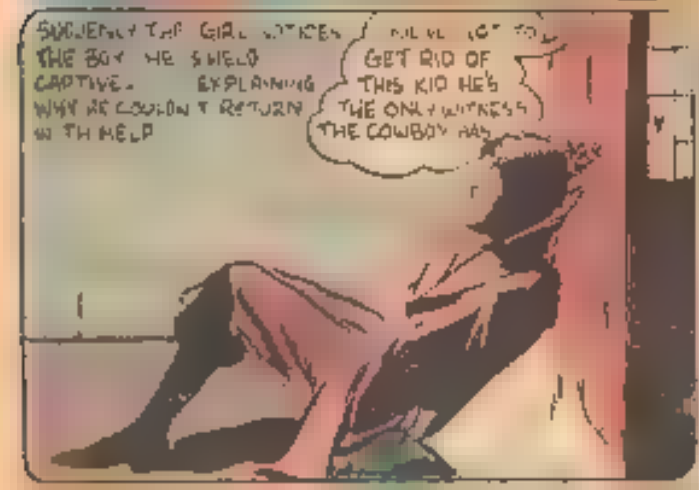
NOT UNEXPECTED THAT SHE IS BY THE COLLIER. THE GIRL HEADS FOR A DOZEN SHACK PARTIALLY HIDDEN BETWEEN TWO HILLS

SHE'S HEADED FOR THAT DESERTED SHACK. THIS BEGINS TO PIQUE MY CURIOSITY

THE GIRL ENTERS TEX HIDES BY THE WINDOW.


THAT THE GIRL IS PART OF THE GANG RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE MAN IN THE WOODS AND THAT THEY PLAN NOW TO FRAME THE FIRST PERSON WHO FELL INTO THE TRAP.


DID EVERYTHING GO OFF AS WE PLANNED?
LIKE CLOCKWORK, CHIEF SOME AMERICAN DISCOVERED THE BODY - CAME ON THE SCENE - THE SHERIFF ARRIVED - I ACCUSED THE AMERICAN - HE KNOCKED OUT THE SHERIFF - THEN HE RAN AWAY - THE SHERIFF REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS - HE WENT TO GET A POSSE TO SEARCH FOR "THE KILLER" AND HERE I AM!


SUDDENLY THE GIRL NOTICES THE BOY HE SHIELD CAPTIVE - EXPLAINING WHY HE COULDN'T RETURN WITH HELP
GET RID OF THIS KID HE'S THE ONLY WITNESS THE COWBOY HAS

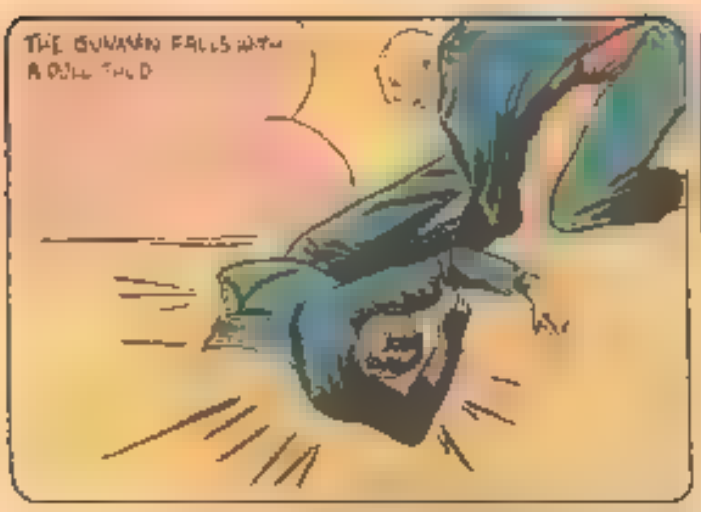
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM MONK TAKE THIS KID OUT AND GIVE HIM AN AIRING

TEX CLIMBS TO THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING
SO THAT'S JOHN BOBBY DIDN'T COME BACK WELL WE HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF THIS AREA

COME ON KID! YOU AND I ARE GOING OUT FOR A WALK

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
DON'T WORRY KID YOU'RE NOT GOING VERY FAR

WITHOUT UNTIL THE GUNMAN PASSES BENEATH HIM TEX LEAPS -

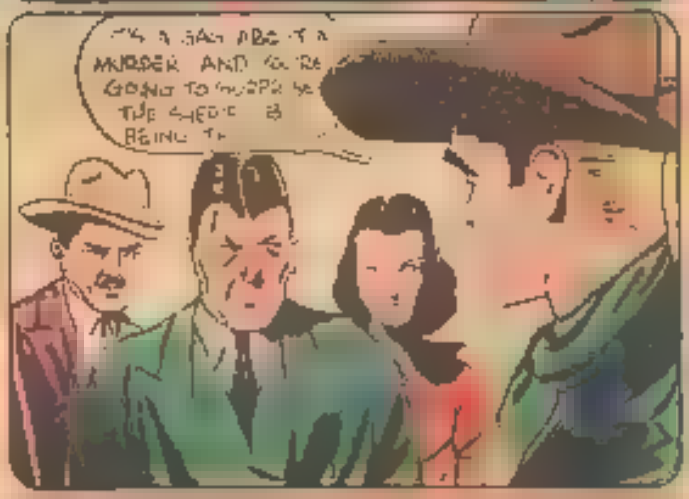

THE GUNMAN FALLS WITH A DULL THUD

A SHORT STRUGGLE AND THE GANGSTER IS SUBDUED

YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE OUTSIDE. I'M GOING AFTER THOSE MEN.
RIGHTO!

A QUICK KICK AND THE DOOR OPENS
ALL RIGHT, PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

WHAT'S THE GAG, COWBOY?


IT'S A GAG ABOUT A MURDER AND YOU'RE GOING TO HOOPLA THE SHERIFF IS BEING TH

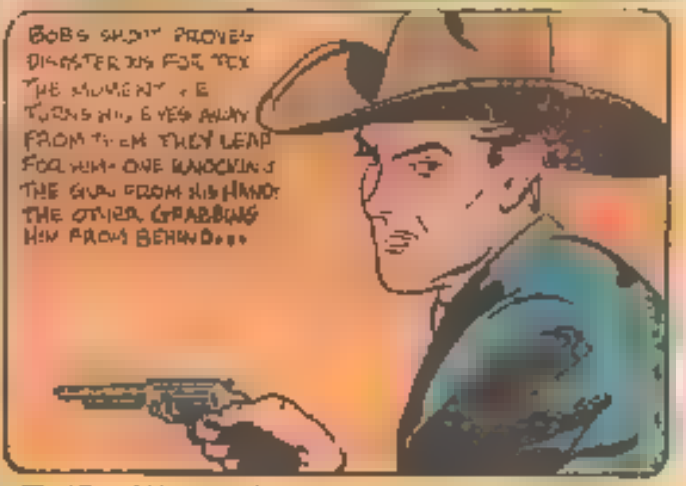
OUTSIDE BUCK IS ON THE APPROACH TO THE HOUSE. HE SEES NOTHING THAT MORAN IS

WITH A SNARL SHE TURNS ON BOBBY...

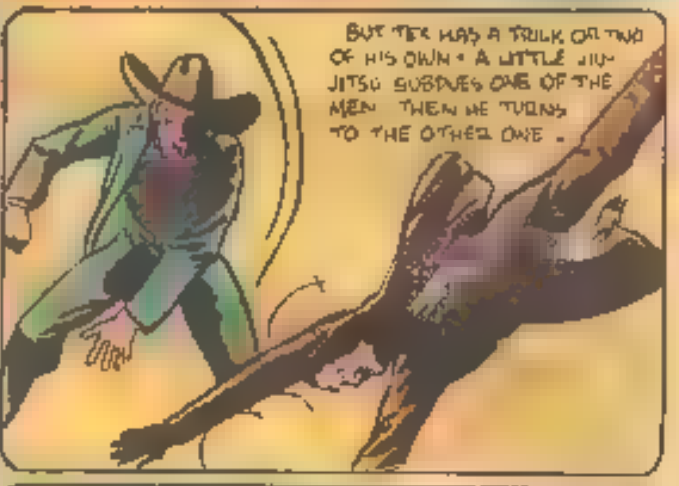
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BRAINS OUT!

BUT BOB IS TOO ALERT FOR THE GUNMAN.

LOOK OUT MR. TEX!
HE BREAKS LOOSE AND HEADS FOR THE WOODS.


BOB'S SHOT PROVES DISASTROUS FOR TEX THE MOMENT HE TURNS HIS EYES AWAY FROM THEM THEY LEAP FOR HIM- ONE KNOCKING THE GUN FROM HIS HAND THE OTHER GRABBING HIM FROM BEHIND...

HOLD HIM!


BUT TEX HAS A TRICK OR TWO OF HIS OWN. A LITTLE JIU-JITSU SUBDUES ONE OF THE MEN THEN HE TURNS TO THE OTHER ONE.

YOU'RE NEXT BIG SHOT

...BUT SHE'S NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN!
NOT SO FAST COWBOY, I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

GOOD WORK

WHEN YOU GET THROUGH TYING HIM UP, COME DOWN

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU HANGE FOR LIFE
THAT'S BIG OF YOU WHAT'S THE CATCH?

WHAT'S THE IDEA CHIEF
YEO DOESN'T MAKE SENSE

DON'T YOU SEE - THE CASSIN FOR

SHE THE FIRE HIM IN SELF DEFENSE

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE KID?

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER. FIRST YOU'RE GOING TO DEFEND YOURSELF- HA-HA HA

IN THE MEAN-TIME
I'VE GOT TO FIND HELP — THEY'RE LIABLE TO KILL MR. TEK
BUT THE LONG DISTANCE IS BEGINNING TO TELL ON THE BOY. HAUNTED HE IS FORCED TO LIE DOWN. SAD DEALT HE IS OVERTAKEN BY A LITTLE GIRL...
HELLO, BOBBY!
HIM? OH, BETTY — GEE YOU'RE A GOD-SEND!
YOU'RE ALL OUT OF BREATH, BOBBY! IS ANYTHING WRONG?
YES! A BUNCH OF GANGSTERS ARE HOLDING MY FRIEND! THEY'RE HIDING IN THE OLD NORTON SHACK!
YOU LISTEN CAREFULLY, BETTY — YOU RUN TO THE SHERIFF!
TELL HIM TO GET SOME MEN AND COME TO THE SHACK. NOW HURRY, BETTY, HURRY!
IMPRESSED WITH THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION — BETTY RUNS AS FAST AS SHE CAN GO!
BOB HEADS BACK TO THE SHACK, HOPING HE WILL BE IN TIME TO PREVENT THE KILLERS FROM HARMING HIS FRIEND.
TAKING IN THE SITUATION, BOB SEES A CHANCE OF FREEING TEK.
HE SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE TREE AND SEVERS THE BONDS THAT ARE HELD THE COWBOY.

THE BONDS CUT THE STUN STANDS AS IF HE WERE TIED. TERRIBLY WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO CAPTURE THIS GANG OF ENGLISH GUNMEN!
OKAY BOSS I'M ALL SET BUT...
BUT, WHAT
DON'T BE A FOOL FORGET THE BEST
KNOWING THAT TEX WOULD BE ABLE TO GO INTO ACTION IF THE GANG'S ATTENTION WERE DISTRACTED BOB BOLDLY STEPS FORTH.
HERE I AM!
GET THAT KID!
NO, I CAN'T TOUCH HIM IF I WERE!!
LOOK OUT! THE AMERICAN IS MINE
YOU SAID I, SISTER- IN SOME KIND OF HA?
MAD AS AN INJURED BULL HE SWINGS INTO THE GANG - TEX LOOKS TO HE FACT THAT HE IS OUTNUMBERED

BUT THE FIGHT IS SOON TERMINATED BY A COWARDLY BLOW DEALT BY THE THUG.

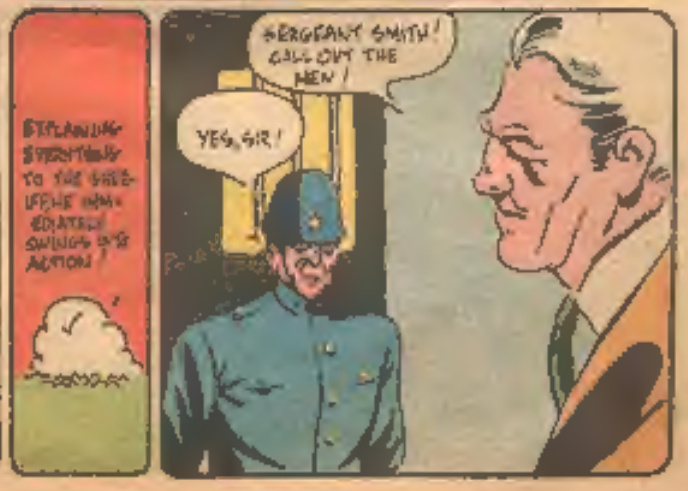
AFTER TEX REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, THE GANGSTER ORDERS HIM TO RUN FOR THE HILLS...
ALL RIGHT, COWBOY! RUN FOR IT!

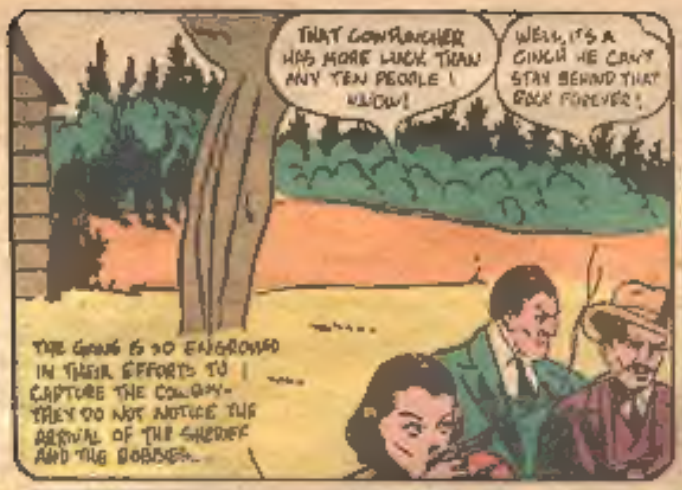
STAND BACK, I'M GOING TO TAKE THE FIRST SHOT!

IF I CAN REACH THAT HOLE, I'LL BE SAFE FOR AWHILE!

MADE IT!

IN THE MEAN-TIME, BETTY HAS REACHED THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...
SHERIFF! SHERIFF! COME QUICKLY!
WHAT'S WRONG, CHILD?

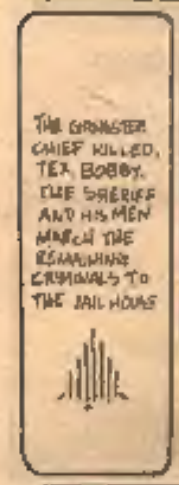

EXPLAINING EVERYTHING TO THE SHERIFF HE IMMEDIATELY SWINGS INTO ACTION!
SERGEANT SMITH! CALL OUT THE MEN!
YES, SIR!


THAT CONFOUNDED HAS MORE LUCK THAN ANY TEN PEOPLE I KNOW!
WELL, IT'S A CINCH HE CAN'T STAY BEHIND THAT ROCK FOREVER!
THE GANG IS SO ENGROSSED IN THEIR EFFORTS TO CAPTURE THE COWBOY- THEY DO NOT NOTICE THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHERIFF AND THE BOBBER...

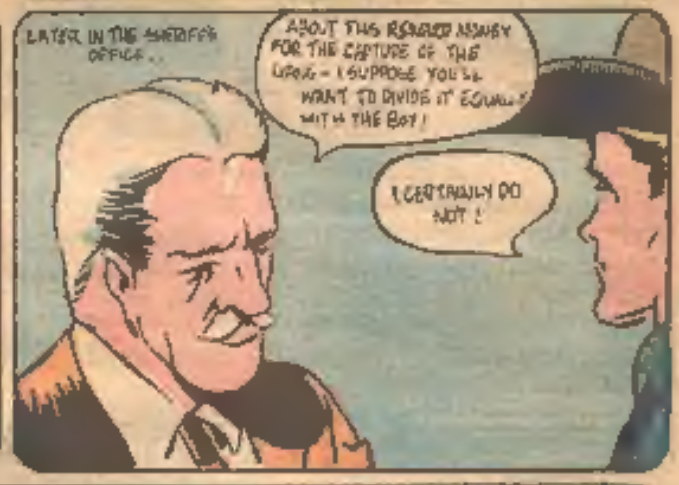
THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS YOU RATS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

REALIZING THAT A PENALTY FOR MURDER AWAITS HIM - THE GANGSTER CHIEF MAKES A DASH FOR THE WOODS

A VOLLEY OF BULLETS FROM THE SHERIFF'S MEN HALTS HIM BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE SECURITY OF THE WOODS...


THE GANGSTER CHIEF KILLED, TEX, BOBBY, THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN MARCH THE REMAINING CRIMINALS TO THE JAIL HOUSE

I'M SORRY FOR THAT! CINCH I'LL GIVE YOU A BERTH
I DESERVED IT! I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THROUGH THAT GIRL'S STORY...


LATER IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...
ABOUT THIS REWARD MONEY FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE GANG - I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT TO DIVIDE IT EQUALLY WITH THE BOY!
I CERTAINLY DO NOT!

THAT MONEY IS GOING TO BE DIVIDED - BUT BETWEEN THE TWO PEOPLE WHO ARE REALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GANG'S CAPTURE BOBBY AND BETTY

GEE, MR. TEX! YOU'RE SWELL!
THE END

ODDS 'N ENDS ---- BY MOLDOFF

THE RECORD FOR THROWING A BALL IS 426 FT. 9 IN. HELD BY SHELDON LEFLUNE (1910)

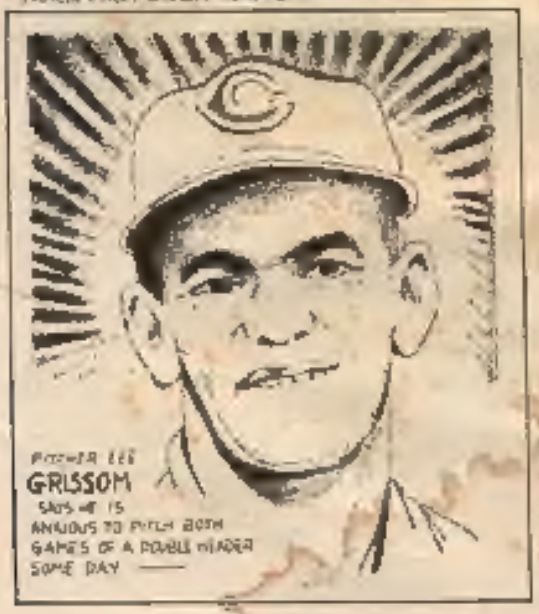
THE PITTSBURGH CLUB HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE "PIRATES" SINCE 1890 WHEN SEVERAL PLAYERS WERE TAKEN FROM OTHER TEAMS—

"LARRUPIN" LOU GEHRIG

LAST OF THE FAMOUS YANKEE MURDERER'S ROW OF '27, CONTINUES AS THE IRON MAN OF BASEBALL AS HE NEARS HIS 2000TH CONSECUTIVE GAME

IN CARICATURE - BABE RUTH -

—IF RUTH HAD RECEIVED ALL THE BASES-ON-BALLS AT ONCE, THAT HE HAD BEEN GIVEN DURING HIS BIG LEAGUE CAREER - HE WOULD HAVE HAD TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING 71 TIMES //



PITCHER LEE GRISSOM SAYS HE IS ANXIOUS TO PITCH BOTH GAMES OF A DOUBLE HEADER SOME DAY —

NORRIS POLK AND OTIS BAKER MET IN A 6-ROUND BOUT - AFTER FLOORING EACH OTHER IN THE 1ST THEY BOTH LET GO WITH RIGHTS TO THE CHIN BOTH WENT DOWN AND WERE OUT FOR 5 MINUTES THE REFEREE CALLED IT A DRAW -

SAM LESLIE BELIEVES HE ONCE STOPPED A SLUMP BY STARTING TO WEAR A NIGHT SHIRT INSTEAD OF HIS USUAL PAJAMAS !!

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